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NOT PARTED.

BY I. D. K.

They have not parted: though their feet
Have wandered far in different ways:
And though they nevermore may meet
By winter nights or summer days:
It matters not though space divides,
Though seas roll between them roll,
For—all defying wind and tide
Heart turns to heart, and soul to soul.

They are not parted—only those
Are parted whom no love unites;
Their absence breaks not our repose
Who have no share in our delights.
They may be by our side, and still
As far away as pole from pole,
Who need the sympathetic thrill
Of heart to heart, and soul to soul.

RED RIDING-HOOD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENRIVEL; OR, THE MYSTERY OF ST. EGLON."

ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI

GRACE silently read the music and the words, and a sad smile flitted over her face. It seemed like a deceit to sing such words to such men; but Lady Brentwyche gave her no time for hesitation; her firm fingers struck the opening chords, and then

"A wind arose and rushed upon the south,
And shook the songs, the whispers, and the shrieks
Of the wild woods together: and a voice
Went with it. Follow, follow—thou shalt win."

It was a voice never to be forgotten—fresh, pure, powerful, filled with the very genius of music, the very spirit of song. Every word fell on the ear clear as emerald water, full as the rush of the sea.

"Cling to the flying hours, and yet
Let one pure hope, one great desire
Like song on dying lips be set—
That, ere we fall, in scattered fire,
Our hearts may lift the world's heart higher.

"Here in the autumn's months of time,
Before the great New Year can break
Some little way our feet should climb,
Some little mark our words should make
For liberty and manhood's sake."

There was a moment of intense and solemn silence; breath stood suspended on many lips, and hearts were beating as though touched by an angel's wing; then the stillness was broken by a burst of applause, and many among the Nihilists caught up the words of the song and repeated them.

"That ere we fall in scattered fire,
Our hearts may lift the world's heart higher,"

murmured some, while others seized upon the last lines and sang or recited them with enthusiasm.

"Before the great New Year can break . . .
Some little mark our deeds should make
For liberty and manhood's sake,"

"You have moved them indeed!" whispered Lady Brentwyche to Grace. "Your cause is won."

She was herself surprised at the girl's power.

She had believed in it from that kind of faith which it gained by the enthusiasm of others; but now she heard for herself, and like the Queen of Sheba, she acknowledged that the truth exceeded the report a thousand fold.

Grace grew pale as men and women crowded around her with words of praise. They did not know she had sung for a life; they could not understand why she shrank from their compliments with a sick pain at her heart.

She had saved Alan and lost herself. Henceforth, like these men, whose careworn faces had for a moment shone with a higher light, she must wear a secret chain. Her life would be at their disposal; her great gift would be used as they commanded, and the wealth which was its reward would be laid at their feet.

Delgado had not uttered a single compliment; he too was pale, but it was the paleness of fire at a white heat.

He lost the sense of every presence, except that of the woman whose voice had filled his whole being with a passion of delight; he saw only her beautiful face, was conscious only of her slight figure; all the crowd near her were but blurred spots to his impassioned vision.

People were imploring Grace to sing again.

But her heart was tired—tired; her eyes looked at them full of pain; she seemed to stand in a maze of heat and sound; she knew not how she was answering them.

Lady Brentwyche struck suddenly the first chords of the "Marseillaise."

The strain shot like a flash of fire into the heated spirit of the crowd.

Grace was seized and led again to the piano; and once more her voice rose and swelled in its glory, swaying the human souls around her as the wind bends the golden and ripened corn.

The chorus was caught up wildly by fifty voices, whose united sound rushed through doors and windows and rolled over a listening crowd in the wintry square like the surge of a distant sea.

One verse only was sung, for Lady Brentwyche ceased to play as suddenly as she had commenced.

Lifting her white hands from the keys with a light laugh, she rose, saying—

"If we go on with this, we shall frighten the solitary policeman on the outside, and we shall shake Madame Delgado's house about our ears.

"The walls of Jericho, you know," fell through shouting."

Madame Delgado's big baby-face was white in patches, like a clown's.

"I am thankful you have stopped," she said.

"Really people would think we were a set of Fenians, or Communists, or something dreadful of that sort, if they heard us going on in this way."

She turned with a laugh to her guests, and many laughed back, as if the idea were a good jest.

A late visitor, just arrived, who had been met on the staircase by the roll of voices in excited chorus, now came forward and shook hands, first with Madame Delgado, and then with Lady Brentwyche.

"How are you, my little Nihilist?" he said smilingly.

"I perceive it is you who are responsible for this revolutionary outburst. Madame Delgado, I should advise your putting a veto on this sort of thing. These Fenians have been condemning some of us to death secretly of late, and faith if we encourage them they'll soon do it openly—like the French Republicans in '94, you know!"

"Ah, Marquis, you are always ready with a jest!" returned Lady Brentwyche. "We are not much afraid of Fenians in London."

"Perhaps not; but it does not do to dance and sing at this kind of people, just as if they only amused us. Like a little smoke out of an unsuspected volcano, it may burst into a grand fire."

"Law and order and custom are solid things in this country," observed a big man "not easily burst up, I take it."

"But there may be a wedge at work somewhere," said one of the Secret Committee, in a light tone, "or there may be a mine beneath us which needs only a match to blow us into the air."

"Now don't talk nonsense!" cried Madame Delgado.

"You are as bad as Guy Fawkes. One would think we were a nest of conspirators instead of a few quiet people enjoying themselves. Marquis, I must introduce you to my young friend. Lord Tossiande—Mademoiselle di Valdivia."

"But we have not time to talk," said Lady Brentwyche, holding out her hand in token of adieu. "Grace and I are going instantly. Marquis, you will come and see Anne to-morrow?"

"And yourself," he answered, staring curiously at Grace, "and your friend?"

"I won't promise that. Where did you spring from to-night?"

"I have come straight from Vienna, and I am going straight to Nice."

"Perhaps Anne and I will go with you," laughed Lady Brentwyche; and, taking Grace's arm, she said good night and left the room.

They went silently to the upper corridor and passed the sentinel still pacing to and fro.

One by one the members of the Committee stole away, the door closed on them and Grace, and the curtain fell.

* * * * * *

In half an hour Grace and Lady Brentwyche, with Delgado, were driving fast to the little terrace behind the Old Kent Road.

With great severity Lady Brentwyche accosted her discharged maid.

"I never expected, Wilson, to see you join in such a wicked piece of business as this. You had better fly to the country at once.

"There is a boat-train at seven. Get over to France as quickly as you can and stay there till this has blown over. I don't want to transport you."

"I thought, my good lady, if Mr. Delgado——"

"You thought wrong. Mr. Delgado has appeared to be in it only in order to save the child from a set of villains who meant to make money of him."

The weeping Charlotte heard this with dismay; she saw her lady's advice and good, and she took it; so she did also the money that Delgado put quietly in her hand.

The child slept in Grace's arms.

He was still sleeping when Lady Brentwyche rang at the door of Lord Enderby's mansion, and the light Prue carried fell on her fair smiling face.

"Prue we bring you back your lost treasure. Do not think it is I who have found or saved him. It is Grace Lanyon."

In another moment Grace had put the child into Prue's outstretched arms. He seemed but a shadow, he had grown so light and his small wan face was pale as a gleam of moonlight.

Grace bent over him, and her tears fell fast.

"Prue, I shall never see him again. Tell his father that I have bought his life dearly, but I shall be repaid when his dear eyes open with gladness again on his home and his father's arms are around him once more. I am going away, Prue—far away. Call poor Molly. I will not part from her."

Prue heard her as one in a dream.

Her broken words, her flushed cheeks, her trembling hands, spoke of fever and of pain.

There was greater grief in her eyes than her lips could speak.

She did not say many words more.

When Molly came, she kissed the child again and passed her hand caressingly over his pale cheek.

Then suddenly she caught old Prue in her arms and strained her tightly in her embrace.

The next instant she was gone like a shadow, the door of the carriage was closed on her and her two companions, and Prue was left standing alone, peering out into the night, as though a vision had swept past her and disappeared in the darkness.

* * * * * *

News was flashed to Lord Enderby that his boy was restored, but the secret of his rescue was left untold.

He could not guess at the motive which had induced his enemies to give up their prey.

Their refusal of his offer to place his own life at their disposal in a country where his assassination could be safely accomplished and their renewal of old threats did not surprise him.

He had grown used to menaces, and had learned to live beneath the shadow of many terrors; but this yielding up of their vengeance perplexed and astonished him. In vain he sought on all sides for an explanation; he could find none; and, wearied with thought, he travelled back hurriedly to London.

Here a new surprise awaited him. It was Grace who had restored the child and Lady Brentwyche was with her.

He hurried to the Countess's house, to find it shut up, and heard from the servants left in charge that she had gone to the Continent with Lady Anne and her father.

Where was Grace? Why was Anne so cruel?

She had promised him her help, and now deserted him.

Fevered, bewildered, enraged, he turned away, and for a moment felt tempted to carry out his threat and denounce Lady Brentwyche to the men she was betraying. The temptation left him quickly; he dismissed it with an angry shudder, and drove fast to the handsome abode of the gentlemanly Russian who was her secret friend. He was a man known to the literary world; he often supplied English newspapers and magazines with excellently written articles on the happy state of his own country, whose beautiful institutions were so misrepresented by certain writers that he felt it a duty to enlighten the English people by his own truth-inspired pen.

This gentleman was at home, and affably gracious as ever.

"Yes, certainly," he said suavely, "I saw the Countess before she left London. She has been greatly harrassed by this affair of yours, and she is gone to Nice to recruit her health for the rest of the winter. We did not want her here just at present. You understand, of course, that you are indebted to us for the restoration of the boy? No? Really, I thought you quite understood that.

"We guessed from the first it was a pretty little bit of revenge executed against you; you are a marked man, are you not? Yes; we have known that some years. Well, we gave the Countess plainly to comprehend that your little son must return home, and at first she declared the thing impossible. She did not know where he was, and so forth; and I believe she spoke truly. But, when she perceived that she risked displeasure in certain high quarters, she yielded to my counsel, and the result is your son is at home again. Let me congratulate you."

"I ought to be grateful to you for interfering in my behalf," replied Lord Enderby; "but I feel that there is something lying behind all this.

"Lady Brentwyche may have been moved by the terror of risking your displeasure to argue with these men; but whoever heard of arguments taking the prey from a tiger's claws?"

"There is something in that," returned the other thoughtfully.

"She must have worked on their fears, or bribed them perhaps."

"She is not a person who parts with her money willingly," said Lord Enderby; "and she happens to be short of cash at present. I know that, because her jointure passes through my hands."

"I imagine you deceive yourself.

"I really do not think there is any mystery in the matter," observed the Russian. "She is a woman possessing great influence with these people, and she has used it; that's all.

"She gains a large income if the boy dies, I believe?"

"Yes—about twenty thousand a year."

"Well, and has it never struck you that the child was abducted more to oblige her than to revenge themselves on you?" asked the gentleman.

"That is quite possible," said Lord Enderby.

"And, finding her anxious to have the boy restored, why should they not oblige her again?"

"I see no adequate reason for their doing so," replied Lord Enderby.

"But I do;" and the Russian looked at him for a moment, then stopped.

"Pray go on," said Lord Enderby, in that quiet voice which men often use under strong agitation.

"I imagine," resumed the other, "that, if the young Lord Fitzurse died under their care, it might be dangerous and difficult to prove his death; whereas, if he died under your roof, you would neither doubt nor dispute the fact.

"So, if the boy is ill"—and he shrugged his shoulders with a gesture deprecating the father's pain—"I perceive in this a very sufficient reason for restoring him. It would be clearly for Lady Brentwychе's interest to do so; and she may have promised them in case of his death——"

He paused, partly out of pity and partly because he saw his meaning was already read.

"Your opinion of her is horrible," said Lord Enderby; "and yet you always trust her."

"We must trust our instruments to a certain extent, and she is remarkably clever; but we never forget that she was originally a mere adventuress.

"Self-interest and fear keep her true to her compact with us; and so we get on together, not loving each other too much."

And the courteous gentleman smiled blandly and adjusted his wristbands.

"Then I presume," observed Lord Enderby, growing very pale, "that this account of the transaction is the one she has favored you with?"

"Something like it. But of course you must not betray to her that I have told you."

"Then she believes my child to be near death?"

"That is decidedly her belief. Pray excuse me; I am grieved to pain you."

"Her belief may be true," said Lord Enderby, in the same quiet brave voice, "but her statement is not. It is clever, like herself, and false, like herself."

There was an instant's silence.

The Russian was incredulous, yet he looked earnestly into Lord Enderby's pale set face.

"You have of course some grounds for your disbelief of the lady's statement?"

"Yes; and yet my opinion of her is by no means so hard as yours."

"Never mind your opinion; let me hear your facts."

Lord Enderby paused a moment.

How could he tell this man of his belief that it was Grace who had saved his son? What proof had he except the eyes that had fallen on his child's face, except the few sad words whispered to Prue, except the broken utterances of little Alan himself, who, with clinging arms and fevered lips, had murmured again and again that Grace had promised to bring him home or die?

"I have no facts—I have only impressions; and it would be very difficult to give you these as I feel them. Are you aware that a young lady accompanied Lady Brentwychе to my house?"

"Quite aware.

"I know all the story.

"She happened to be lodging at the same house to which your little son was carried. She knew him, she nursed him, she pitied him.

"Naturally she accompanied his devoted grandmother when he was taken home. Have you seen how beautifully the whole thing is told in the papers?"

Lord Enderby chafed under these words; he grew flushed and angry.

Here was a stranger, to whom Grace was nothing, able to talk carelessly of the place of her abode!

"Where was my son taken?" he asked, his voice breaking for a time.

The Russian pushed a newspaper towards him in the same smiling way, quite unmoved by his agitation.

In great irritation and impatience Lord Enderby read the paragraph pointed out to him.

"Every mother throughout the land will be relieved to hear that the young Viscount Fitzurse is restored to his father. Exactly as we surmised, the delinquent who stole the child proves to be a discharged servant—a former nurse.

"The motive for her crime was partly revenge, but chiefly of course the hope of receiving the large reward which she imagined would be offered for the restoration of the boy; in this she is disappointed. Unfortunately for the ends of justice, she has at present escaped the vigilance of the police; but they have a clue to her retreat, and there is no doubt she will shortly be found, and eventually be dealt with as she deserves. A crime so cruel merits a severe sentence—a sentence which we trust will deter others from following the example of Miss Charlotte Wilson.

"It appears that on abducting the little Lord Fitzurse she took him to the house of a sister of hers in Pilgrim Terrace, near the Old Kent Road.

"But by a strange accident there happened to be lodging there a young Cornish lady who recognized the boy. Suspecting something wrong, she questioned the landlady, and, finding this woman to be completely deceived, and under the impression that the child was her sister's own son, Miss Lanyon—the young lady in question—took a cab and drove to Lord Enderby's. Finding he was not at home, she went to the Countess Brentwychе, who immediately drove back with her to Pilgrim Terrace. Here they found the young Lord Fitzurse; but the nurse unfortunately had had her suspicion aroused, and had already escaped. Lady Brentwychе and Miss Lanyon took the child at once to his father's house, and the welcome news of his return was telegraphed to Lord Enderby as soon as the office was open in the morning. The Countess Brentwychе and Miss Lanyon both believe that the landlady is not implicated in the plot.

"It appears that she had not seen her sister for many years, and that she put implicit faith in her statement that she was married, and that the child was her own. We have ascertained that the respectable woman bears a good character in the neighborhood as an honest hard-working sort of person who has let respectable lodgings and resided in the same house for many years."

There was a great deal more to the same effect; but Lord Enderby had read enough; and without any comment he put the newspaper down.

"A neat little statement," observed the Russian, with his fine smile.

"The world will believe it, and feel quite comfortable.

"It is just one of those histories that it understands and puts faith in.

"How we should be laughed at if we told the truth!

"And not a soul would believe us. I dare say we should be even accused of libelling the Nihilists.

"Ha, ha, ha! They might assassinate an Emperor, but they would not shoot a woman or kidnap a child.

"We must take care in this justice-loving country not to traduce a society patronized by so many gentlemen."

Lord Enderby scarcely heeded him, scarcely even heard him.

"How much of this is true?" he asked abruptly, laying his hand upon the newspaper.

"Truth and fiction are so beautifully mingled in those paragraphs that really it would be a pity to separate them. And, upon my word, to sift out the exact truth would be a task beyond my powers. I can tell you this much—Lady Brentwychе and Miss Lanyon were both at Madame Delgado's reception that night."

"I thought so," observed Lord Enderby; and his eyes grew dark with sudden pain.

The words Prue had repeated rushed upon his mind with a new and fearful meaning—"Tell his father I have bought his life very dear."

What had she done?

What had she given for his child's safety? A quiver of horrible jealousy ran straight at his heart, charged with poison sharp as the fang of a serpent.

Could it be possible that she had bartered away herself, and would live to be a wife to one of these men?

The torture of such a thought was indescribable; he grew very cold and shivered visibly.

The Russian looked at him and smiled softly.

"Ah, I see you know that old baby, Delgado's mother!" he said.

"She acts the simpleton; but she is an cunning a specimen of female mischief as ever followed the fashions.

"She is making a good purse for herself against the day when her handsome son will suddenly and violently disappear from the society he embellishes. I suppose you are aware they keep a good house for the old lady, and make her give balls and hold receptions? Oh, she is quite fashionable and very popular!"

Again Lord Enderby scarcely listened.

The words Grace had uttered to Prue were thrusting away all other sounds, all other meanings; they were whispering in his ears and beating at his heart in fevered strokes of pain.

"I shall be repaid when his father's arms are around him once more. I am going away, Prue—far away."

"Grace, Grace, Grace, your love to me is more than life! Your leaving me is bitter as death!"

Had he spoken the last word of his thought aloud?

Was he losing control over his emotion? His courteous host was handing him a glass of water and saying complacently—

"Yes, I heard of your quixotic offer; but of course they refused it. They won't take in a gift a thing they consider their own, to shoot down whenever they please. It would be like hunting a dead hare, you see. Oh, they are quite amusing and playful and innocent, these people!"

"It is the terrible innocence of the tiger, the dreadful ignorance of the rattlesnake," said Lord Enderby rousing himself to answer.

"It is the leaders of the rabble who are to blame; they rouse the tiger and the snake, knowing full well the consequences."

He rose to go; his heart was too sore for such talk as this.

"Stay a moment," said his host. "I think it fair to the Countess to say that she has no wish for your death. She was really most anxious for your welfare."

"I am obliged to her," said Lord Enderby with a flitting smile.

"I am aware my death would do her no good."

"No; but really you will be cautious, will you not? If a word of our talk got abroad, her life would not be worth a day's purchase. And she is so extremely useful, you see."

A flush rose to Lord Enderby's brow which passed swiftly into paleness.

"She is a woman," he said; "therefore she is safe. No word of mine will ever betray her; she knows it."

"And acts on it perhaps," rejoined the other, with a shrug. "Well, you must bear that. I suppose you know who Miss Lanyon is?"

The question startled Lord Enderby slightly.

With his hat in his hand, he turned, saying quickly—

"Yes, I know her real name. Can you tell me where she is?"

"I cannot tell you that; but I can tell you with whom she is—I mean under whose care she has placed herself."

Lord Enderby felt a sudden stiffening of the muscles of the face; he could scarcely put his lips together to speak.

"Not Lady Brentwychе, not Madame Delgado?" he said, forcing himself to speak quietly.

"Neither, nor the latter's handsome son," laughed the Russian.

"She has accepted the guardianship of a relative—a coarse sort of a fellow, called Gregory Blake, who has however come forward handsomely and charged himself with her care and maintenance. I believe he has taken her abroad somewhere to study music."

"Who told you this?" asked Lord Enderby.

"I gained my news partly from the Countess and partly from other sources. I must explain that we are interested in Valdivia's daughter; we intend to keep a paternal eye on her.

"So we shall continue to glean what information we can regarding her. Would you like me to let you know if we hear anything?"

"I should indeed. You would do me a great favor.

"Would you mind telling me what is permissible about her father?"

"Not at all.

"The man is an enthusiast—a madman in politics, sane in all else—highly dangerous, simply because he has such intense faith in the gunpowder doctrines of the day that he is only too ready to die for them, or to believe himself an instrument to kill somebody else.

"Years ago, in his early youth, he joined a secret society in Italy; if he had stayed there, he would have become a hero, and had incense burnt before him, like Mazzini and the rest of them. Unfortunately for himself, he accepted a mission to propagate the principles of dynamite in Russia; and there he met with the fate that sometimes befalls missionaries."

"Don't be too cynical," interposed Lord Enderby.

"I have reason for wishing to know just the simple truth."

"The simple truth! That's the thing nobody ever gets at.

"In passing through the human mind truth undergoes a queer change and takes odd shapes—that's only natural. You see, I am on one side and Valdivia is on the other.

"Ask his friends for his character and then adjust your line of judgment between their account and mine, and perhaps you'll get it pretty straight."

"You have not exactly caught my meaning," returned Lord Enderby. "I am not asking what he is, but who he is."

"He is a condemned Nihilist, exiled for life to Siberia, for all human intents and purposes in this world already a dead man who happens to have been buried alive. He was sentenced to the mines. By birth he is noble, and he is a poet and a musician. If he had kept to verses and fiddling, I have no doubt he might have passed through his days securely, and been simply a bore."

Lord Enderby heard this without answering the smile that expanded the Russian's thin lips.

It seemed horrible to him to laugh over the miseries of exile, and make a jest of the anguish and suffering inflicted with such a hard hand by the strong arm of law.

"Are there any other members of the Valdivia family living?" he asked.

"In fact, is there no one who has a juster claim than this rough man Gregory Blake to the guardianship of your unhappy prisoner's daughter?"

The Russian shrugged his shoulders.

"There is a great-uncle, the present Duke who holds all the family wealth and the estates, confiscated for the nephew's treason. He is the last person would wish to see that nephew's daughter.

"She may have claims which the present Italian Government might consider. There is a tendency to deify revolutionary heroes in Italy."

"I shall go and see the Duke," said Lord Enderby shortly.

"Well, our man is the real Duke, if we resuscitated him—which is not likely—but the uncle, having the lands, assumes the title, and no one says him nay."

"Thanks for your information; you are evidently well instructed concerning the families of your political prisoners," said Lord Enderby.

"Now give me this Duke's address, and then I think I shall have troubled you enough for one morning."

The address was found in a big register and copied graciously, and Lord Enderby took his departure, heavy-hearted, and yet with a hope in him that he should succeed in rescuing Grace from the doubtful guardianship of Gregory Blake.

He was unselfish in this hope, for, if she was acknowledged by her uncle and received in her ancestral home in a position that all the world would acknowledge to be as high as or higher than his own, it would not bring her nearer to him.

Old threats, old terrors were regaining the hold they had partially lost, and the horror of his young wife's death was shadowing him again.

The glamor of love had blinded him for a time, but out of its very intensity there grew now his renunciation of happiness.

In seeking this happiness he had wavered once through worldliness, and possibly through fear of the unseen hands that menaced the woman he dared to choose. But in renouncing it he wavered no more. No risk, no terrors, no threats should touch Grace through him: these things belonged to his life and he would bear them alone.

But he would guard her happiness, he would protect her interests; he would go to Nice and force Lady Brentwychе to tell him where she was, and how she had rescued his child.

He had been generous; he had not repeated the Countess's words to his Russian friend—

"It is not I who have found or saved the boy. It is Grace Lanyon."

For some urgent reason, touching her own safety, she had taken the credit of the deed with him, and he—Lord Enderby—had not taken it from her.

He had not shaken the man's belief in her; she owed him much for this; he would wrench truth from her lips in payment.

Thus he thought as he drove homewards moodily.

But his purposes were broken off, his journey to Nice was long delayed.

A little white face kept him by its weary pillow, tiny feeble hands held him, wasted arms, stronger than shackles, clung around him, chaining him to an innocent death-bed.

CHAPTER XXXII.

GREGORY BLAKE flung a telegram across the table to his wife.

"I must start for London," he said "at once. There's the order from that precious sister of yours."

"But she can't mean you any harm, Gregory," whimpered Mrs. Blake; "she is such a great lady now, and so rich."

The man swore a big oath in answer.

"Harm!" he said.

"She can do me harm if she chooses. And, as for her riches, do we ever see the color of her money? No, and never shall! But she knows how to rob me—she knows a way to beggar her sister and her sister's children."

His rage was so great that his wife dared not utter a word.

It was her sister who caused this anger, the sister of whom she so often bragged to her neighbors, the sister of whom secretly she was so proud.

How dreadful it would be to have perhaps to own one day that this sister had injured her, fleeced her husband of money, maybe destroyed him!

"Are you going to pack my portmanteau, or must I do it myself?" asked Gregory, with another oath.

"A poor sit-about creature you are! There ain't a thimbleful of work in your whole body.

"If you had any wit or gumption, you'd talk a bit, and show me a way to get out of this."

"How can I, Gregory," asked the trembling woman, "when you keep it all a secret, and I know no more what's between my sister and you than a mole knows of daylight?"

"It would not do you any good to know," returned Gregory sullenly, and yet in a somewhat changed tone.

"There—I don't want to quarrel. I may never come home again for aught I can tell. There's a pretty sight of folks losses their lives in London, and ain't never heard of no more."

"Don't, Gregory—for goodness sake, don't talk like that!" cried Mrs. Blake, the ready tears springing to her eyes. "You must hire a policeman to go about with 'ee, as the great folks do, so I hear. You can afford it: you are a rich man now your cousin 'Lizbeth Lanyon has left you her money."

"Rich, am I?" said Gregory, fury in his voice again.

"Your sister won't let me be rich very long.

"She's dragging ten thousand dollars out of my pocket in one pull."

This staggered Mrs. Blake; she stared at him aghast with terror, and then burst into tears.

"How can Emily be so wicked, rich as she is? Oh, it can't be true! Say it isn't true, Gregory!"

"I sha'n't tell 'ee no lies! It's true enough to my sorrow."

"But you are a fool if you do it!" cried Mrs. Blake.

"What right has she got to rob your children of their fortune?"

"She've got the power, or she habn't got the right; and there's an end. And she says the money is for Betty Lanyon's granddaughter, and its rightfully hers."

"What next?" exclaimed the wife, bristling with anger. "She wasn't a granddaughter under the law! She haven't a right to nothing!"

"And nothing she'd got," said Gregory, "and nothing she'd ever get, if your wicked sister hadn't stepped in and put her white hand upon me here."

He placed his big fingers on his throat, and his burly face changed its hue from purple to red.

This was the first time he had ever given a hint to his wife of the power her sister held over him.

The woman turned pale, and remained for a moment thoughtful and silent; then she rose and came over to him, and laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"Gregory, I know you loved Emily before you ever looked at me, and I know I shouldn't be your wife now if she hadn't gone away and left you. I know too there was a man she cared for, and he was found drowned."

She felt the solid flesh beneath her hand shrink a little, but she went on resolutely.

"Well, now you have said what you have, I can guess there is some secret between you and Emily that you want kept underground, and so you must do her bidding. But there's no need for you to lose ten thousand dollars."

"Isn't there?" returned Gregory, in a hard voice, shaking her hand from his shoulder. "Seeming to me there is. And you needn't come fawning and prying round a man like this, for I sha'n't tell 'ee anything more."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Charade's Results.

BY ARION.

VESTA YORKE consider herself very deeply in love with Rufus Langdon.

He was prime favorite in his set, and Vesta had been much envied when the engagement was announced.

Langdon was slight and elegant of build, with handsome dark blue eyes, and a long silken beard.

Wealthy and travelled, graceful and witty, the idol of the ladies, and a good fellow among the men.

Vesta, as I have before stated, considered herself very deeply in love with him.

Therefore it gave her no little pain to discover that Langdon was at times disposed to sun himself in smiles other than her own.

But Rufus was her betrothed.

So she strove to possess her soul in patience and make excuses for her lover's behavior until that summer at the seaside.

Nearly all their set were there, and among others a young southern widow who had been visiting the Laceys.

Langdon was particularly devoted to Mrs. Salisbury—to such an extent that people were beginning to notice it and to make pitying remarks about Vesta.

Wounded and indignant, she ventured to remonstrate with Langdon, but he only laughed at her and called her jealous, adding that any one might see that it was only a flirtation between the widow and himself, but as for love—Vesta must never doubt his love for her.

So Vesta, silenced but only half convinced, said no more.

They had not been at Sea Haven a fortnight when one day Vesta's aunt brought a gentleman to her who claimed to be an old friend.

Vesta looked at him for a moment, puzzled to locate the tall broad-shouldered brow crowned by thick brown curls, while Mrs. Yorke looked on smilingly.

Then of a sudden the girl's face brightened, and involuntarily she put out her hand in welcome.

"Royal Gregory! I think I may be excused for not recognizing you at first—we were children when you went away."

"Yes, you were eight and I fourteen," he said, seating himself beside her.

And then Mrs. Yorke went away, and the young people drifted into pleasant reminiscences of old days when they had been childish friends and playmates; Vesta laughing to recall her tears when Royal had bidden her good-bye on the removal of his family to the far west.

It took Royal Gregory not many days to see through the state of affairs between Vesta and her betrothed.

His was a noble and generous nature, and he was loyal to the little friend of his boyhood.

He felt indignant at Langdon's light and trifling conduct.

It seemed to him that the man who had won such a treasure as the pure heart of Vesta Yorke ought to be more sensible of his good fortune.

Mentally, he set Langdon down as a dandy and a flirt, and wondered why the sweetest and truest of girls should have given her affections to such a man.

Vesta was not happy—he knew that.

He longed to be of service to her.

One night, when a dance was in progress in the long hall built over the bowling-alley he came to her where she stood apart watching the dancers rather disconsolately.

"Vesta," he said kindly, "will you allow an old friend to give you some advice?"

"What is it?" queried Vesta, flushing up to the waves of her golden hair.

"Did you ever consider the theory of 'like cures like?'

"Forgive me, but it is my opinion that a slight flirtation with me would bring Rufus Langdon quicker to his senses than anything else in the world."

She did not speak for some minutes.

The band throbbed on through the measures of the waltz, and among the dancers Mrs. Salisbury circled the hall in the arms of Rufus Langdon, smiling bewitchingly, and drooping her long black lashes at his softly whispered words.

Oh, the pain and the humiliation of knowing that Royal Gregory was pitying her!

Yet better that than to endure longer the malicious whispers of the women who were spiteful because their various attempts to win Langdon had been fruitless.

Royal waited in silence screening her flushed and quivering features from curious eyes by putting his massive figure directly before her.

At last she looked at him with a smile.

He saw that, despite the smile, her eyes were filled with tears.

"Will you practice my theory awhile?" he said.

"I hardly know how——" began Vesta, with a little laugh as the fun of the plan began to dawn upon her.

"You have only to accept my attentions and appear pleased with them.

"To begin—let us try this waltz together."

A moment later Langdon saw his betrothed, who had so patiently borne with his trifling, swinging down the hall in Royal Gregory arms, while Royal Gregory's mustache was very near her fair temple, and she was smiling half shyly, as she used to smile at him in the first days of their courtship.

The possibility of Vesta's consoling herself with another man had never before occurred to Rufus Langdon.

He didn't like it.

He was a vain man—a spoiled darling of society.

Directly the waltz was ended he turned to look for her, in order to give her a little lecture upon the impropriety of her waltzing with Royal Gregory.

But Vesta was not to be found.

Langdon took his hat and left the hall.

Down the white road strolled Vesta on Royal Gregory's arm, the two figures looking quite lover-like in the moonlight.

That was only the beginning.

Vesta rode, and walked, and danced, and sailed with Royal, and Langdon made vain attempts to see her alone, filling the intervals by spasmodic flirtations with Mrs. Salisbury.

In the meantime Vesta was beginning to see through the shallowness and selfishness and vanity of Langdon's nature.

This plan of Royal Gregory's to win her betrothed back to his allegiance had thrown her into daily companionship with her old-time playmate, and few people could know Royal Gregory intimately without admiring his noble, generous, and manly disposition.

How blind she had been!

This man who was acting the part of her lover was king above all other men.

Rufus Langdon seemed inexpressibly

One night a jolly party had gathered in the hotel parlor.

They were acting charades.

Vesta, feeling dull and distracted slipped away from the others, and wrapping a fleecy white shawl about her shoulders, seated herself in a cosy corner of the piazza overlooking the sea.

She had not been there long before she was joined by Royal Gregory.

She greeted him with a silent half-smile and then let her gaze wander over the tossing waters.

Gregory leaned against one of the carved pillars with folded arms, and a grave sad expression upon his fine features.

One thought was in the heart of both.

On the following week he was going away.

Before they would meet again Vesta in all probability would be the wife of Rufus Langdon.

Royal Gregory knew then that he loved the girl beside him as he could never love any other, and he was fighting bravely to keep back a flood of passionate words.

Dropping his hand suddenly to the railing, it came in contact with Vesta's slender satin smooth palm.

Involuntarily his fingers closed over hers.

"Vesta! dear little friend——" he whispered.

And then a gay and noisy crowd came trooping out of the long windows and interrupted them.

"Such fun!" some one said.

Whereupon they all began to describe the mock marriage which had been enacted in one of the charades by Rufus Langdon and Mrs. Salisbury, and how well the characters had been sustained.

"As well by Mr. Langdon as if you had been the bride, my dear," said one of Vesta's acquaintances.

However, Langdon did not look particularly gratified over his success.

He stood a little apart from the others, pulling sullenly at his long beard.

Vesta passed him hastily and ran up to her room, with Royal's swift whisper of "Vesta! dear little friend," ringing through her brain.

The next day it was discovered that the marriage between Langdon and Mrs. Salisbury was valid.

The man who had sustained the character of clergyman was a newly fledged justice of peace, and further investigation proved that the bond between these two was a thoroughly legal one.

Imagine the great excitement and the gossip.

And through it all there was a sparkle of exultation in the eyes of Rufus Langdon's new wife which Royal Gregory understood.

It was a contrived plan on her part to win little Vesta's sweetheart from her.

Gregory took his hat and started for a stroll along the beach.

He was sick of the chattering tongues at the hotel, and he wanted to be alone.

He had walked a short distance along the smooth stretch of sand, when from beyond a point of a ledge just above him there came the sound of a man's voice husky with emotion.

"Vesta, this shall not part us! I will get a divorce."

Then Vesta Yorke's low and perfectly modulated tones replied—

"Mr. Langdon, Mrs. Salisbury has proved so attractive to you all the summer that this new state of affairs should be vastly satisfactory both to her and yourself."

Vesta was only human, and might have been pardoned the accent of sarcasm as she added—

"Accept my congratulations."

"Vesta, Vesta!" groaned the man.

"Not another word, sir.

"My love for you died a natural death five weeks ago."

"Ah!" with an ill-repressed sneer, "that was shortly after Mr. Gregory's advent, I believe?"

"As the husband of another woman," replied Vesta calmly, "it cannot concern you.

"But I will say that I love Royal Gregory as I did not know it was in my nature to love any one; and I consider him as far above you in real nobility as the stars in heaven are above the earth."

There was a short half savage laugh from the man, and then the sound of his retreating footsteps.

Gregory hastened forward.

There in a little niche in the ledge stood Vesta, her face buried in her handkerchief, and her slender figure shaken by convulsive weeping.

"Vesta, dear little love!"

She turned an April face toward him, a face in which smiles and tears struggled for the mastery.

Still he did not venture to touch her.

He stood still with outstretched arms and wistful eyes, waiting for her to come to him.

One step brought her within his reach.

Another, and she was folded close to his heart, in her soul accepting the truth that this was her true love.

There followed of course the nine days' wonder, when their engagement was made public.

Then society settled down complacently to this new order of things.

After all Royal Gregory was just the man for Vesta; and Rufus Langdon had found his match in Mrs. Salisbury.

Years after, a beloved and happy wife, Vesta read in the daily papers accounts of the elopement of Rufus Langdon's wife, and of his suit for a divorce, which was afterwards granted.

OLD MIRACLE PLAYS.—Four months before the performance of a miracle play the preparations for it commenced, and furnished matter of comment and discussion over a large area. Some of the solemnities were so costly that the municipality which charged itself with the chief burden of the representation found itself embarrassed for many subsequent years. The effects, meanwhile, were occasionally such as a modern scene painter or machinist scarcely understands. In a representation of the "Mystery of the Acts of the Apostles," commencing at Bourges on the 30th of April, 1536, we find, in full daylight, the face of St. Stephen, "burning for a moment like a sun." A mechanical dromedary and camel are introduced. A lion, also mechanical, tears off the hand of a pagan. A vessel charged with all manner of animals descends from heaven to earth, and is drawn up again; an owl lights on the head of Herod Agrippa, a serpent creeps along the ground, a devil issues from a body of a person possessed, two marvellous dragons cast fire from eyes, jaws, ears, and nostrils; another, "the most horrible that can be conceived," crouches at the feet of St. Michael. In place of St. Barnabas there is put in the fire an imitation body full of bones and viscera. Scores of similar effects are presented in this one piece. Without enumerating these, I will supply the literal directions for the scene. For the representation there is required a high tower "on which Simon Magus shall light in order to take flight. Then should come a movable cloud, which should elevate him in the air. The cloud should then disappear and leave the body exposed. At the prayer of St. Peter the body should fall to the ground, breaking its head and legs." In the same scene, if such it may be called, St. Pol is decapitated. His head should then make three successive bounds, and from each spot at which it falls a fountain of blood, milk, and water should spring. To produce some of these effects would puzzle a modern management.

FREEMASONS.—Down to the reign of English Anne and the latter years of the long sway of Louis XIV, it may be safely averred that no apprehension had been excited and no persecution incurred by any society not distinctly founded for a religious purpose. Anabaptists had been put down with cruel severity. Quakers had been tormented or tolerated according to the caprice of Prince and people. But in the writings of the eighteenth century we first find mention of Freemasonry, and then, too, do the bulls of the Vatican first began to fulminate against an association horrible in the eyes of the ever-watchful Inquisition. However ancient or illustrious Freemasonry may be, it was undoubtedly regarded with worse than suspicion by the Roman Curia, the Holy Brotherhood of Spain, and the Argus-eyed Police of Paris. It was not as a rogue of world-wide renown, but as a suspected Freemason, that Cagliostro, the arch-impostor, was imprisoned in the Castle of St. Angelo, where he died, like a caged bird pining for air and light, just as the Army of the French Republic—his rescuers—marched on Rome. We have lived to see royal and imperial Princes openly installed as Grand Masters of the greatest and wealthiest of all secret societies, nor do the mysteries of Hiram and Boaz offend any outsider.

AN orange tree in Clay county, Florida, has 5,000 oranges on it.

Bric-a-Brac.

ADIEU.—There is something beautifully pious and tender in that word of sad import, "*adieu!*" It means—May God guard you, to God I commit you! Good-bye means—God be with you.

VALUE OF TIME.—It is known of Ernesti the German editor of the best edition of Cicero, that when a person extended a visit to him over ten minutes, he would rise, point to a large clock, and say, "you have been here ten minutes."

MAKING A NOISE AFTER DEATH.—John Ziska was a distinguished leader of the persecuted sect of the Hussites. It is recorded of him, that in dying, he ordered his skin to be made the covering of a drum. The Bohemians hold his memory in superstitious reverence.

MELANCHOLY EXPRESSIONS.—Madame de Stael has remarked upon the words "no more," that, both in sound and sense, they are more descriptive of melancholy meanthan any other in our language. If not before these, at least second in the scale, may be placed the simple word "alone," and next to this "never."

CRIMINAL WEEDS.—As early as the time of Alexander II, of Scotland a man who let weeds go to seed on a farm was declared to be a King's enemy. In Denmark farmers are compelled to destroy all weeds on their premises. In France a man can prosecute his neighbor for damages, who permits weeds to go to seed which may endanger neighboring lands.

FOR EARLY RISING.—A picture in Paris represents a curious custom in Persia—namely, a courier fast asleep in the desert; round his foot is tied a lighted match, which when a certain number of hours are past, is sure to wake him up by burning his toe. The idea would be excellent for introduction into households where waking at an early hour is required.

A FANCY.—Everything is to be gained from good company. "One day," says the Persian poet Sadi, "I saw a rose-tree surrounded by a tuft of grass. What! I exclaimed, has this plant done, that we find it the companion of roses? and I was going to uproot the tuft, when it humbly said, 'Spare me; I am no rose, it is true, but by my scent you may know—at least I have lived with roses.'"

OLD RELICS.—Among the more prominent pointed out are the red earth of which Adam was made; the tomb of Seth on the slopes of Antilibanus; and that of Joshua, which represents it as being near Constantinople. The bones of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob rest at the church of St. Maria Sopra Minerva at Rome. At the Cathedral of Prague is preserved the stone on which Abraham gave the angels to eat; and Adam's guardian angel changed to a stone, for not being more watchful, is said to repose in a corner of the exterior wall of the Kaaba.

SMALLPOX IN BIRDS.—A writer in the *British Medical Journal*, says: "Apropos of 'smallpox in birds,' I may, perhaps, mention the fact that some years ago a former steward of the hospital at Homerton was in the habit of breeding a large number of canaries. As these arrived at maturity it was a very common occurence to find many of them dead and presenting evidence of having suffered from some eruptive disease. It was further observed that when the hospital contained a somewhat large number of patients the mortality among the birds increased, and vice versa."

THE HAY HAT.—The greatest novelty of all in Paris is the hay hat, not the straw hat, but a hat made of hay, like a stack, and round which is entwined a garland of fruit. A hay hat is unadored with anything used for trimming to this day; no ribbon, no lining, no feather, no lace; a handful of currants is liked when not a fruit garland; and yet a hay hat is pretty; something like a nest on the head; there are wire structures for the shape, and it is as tidy as if on these the hay had been laid on with a pitchfork. The writer has seen one with a dove on it, and around the dove's throat a necklet of stones.

SACRED SPOTS.—To such minute objects has the searcher for sacred spots turned, that the hole where the tree grew of which the Cross was made is guarded; and fortunately, having been found to be on the site where the Convent of the Cross stands, the monks there have bordered it with silver. Tradition points to this tree as the growth of a bough cut off that from which Adam ate the forbidden fruit. Adam's skull was said to be originally buried under it; while the tree itself was afterwards, along with the skull, preserved in the Ark. The tree was subsequently planted on a mountain in Judea, and the skull buried there. It is from this, it is said, that Calvary or Golgotha, which means the place of skulls, derived its name.

DOG'S MEAT.—The dogs most in favor with the Chinese as 'butcher-meat' are those curious hairless ones, like the magnificent pair of Rampoor hounds presented by the Prince of Wales to the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park, London, on his return from India. How this hairless breed originated is a mystery, but they are found in many tropical countries, and are there usually highly prized by their owners; though extremely delicate and susceptible of cold, they appear to be free from disease—at any rate, the skin is healthy and the baldness not in any way dependent on existing morbid conditions. The tradition is that these naked creatures are the descendents of the sacred dogs worshipped by the ancient Egyptians; and that the peculiarity originated from their being kept perpetually in the temples and bred in and in for centuries.

THE WALTZ.

BY S. E. W.

When I ask you for something gay, sweet,
As I lie on the lounge here at night,
"You will play me a waltz," you say, sweet,
To make the dull moments take flight.

And when you have taken your place there,
And the instrument answers your hand,
How I wish that I might see your face there,
To read—what I half understand.

I used to think waltzes were glad things,
Bright, sparkling and quick to our ears;
But the waltzes you play are such sad things,
They sound like the dropping of tears.

Do those sweet, mournful sounds in your heart, dear,
Wake some memory laid there to rest?
And because of your thought they seem part, dear,
Is that why you like them the best?

THE BROKEN RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LIV.

DOCTOR GRIFFITHS placed a chair for his beautiful young patient, and, standing by the table, waited until she spoke.

"Do people ever die of a broken heart?" asked Leah, abruptly.

"I have never known a case," answered the doctor, "though I have heard and read of such a thing."

"Some months since," she said, looking at him with calm grave eyes, "I was as strong as any one could wish to be.

"I had splendid health and a perfect constitution.

"Now I have hardly strength to live, and every one thinks I am in danger.

"There must be a reason for it," remarked the doctor.

"There is a reason, which I will tell you, and I want you to judge whether it will kill me.

"I have had within the last two months a trouble—a terrible trouble—one that I have had to bury in the depths of my heart.

"I could not speak of it, or hint of it, or place confidence in any living creature concerning it.

"I have shut my secret in my heart, and it has been preying upon it.

"It has eaten my heart away."

"The constant repression, the desperate effort I have made to seem as usual, have been too much for me; and now I feel sure that I have some affection of the heart which will soon put an end to my life."

He began to understand something of the case.

"Do you want to live?" asked the doctor briefly.

"No; I want to die," she answered.

Then came a string of questions, all of which she answered candidly enough.

The Doctor knit his brows and was silent for some time; then he listened to the action of the heart and grew graver still.

"I think," he said, "that you have always had a great tendency to heart-disease; and now, I am sorry to say, it is a confirmed case."

Her face brightened, and she murmured a few words to herself which he did not hear.

"I wish," she said gravely, "to hear the plain truth.

"It will not frighten me.

"I prefer death to life."

"It is a hard truth which I have to tell you," he answered gently.

"I am ready to hear it," she said.

"It is this.

"I think it probable that you have always had a tendency to heart disease.

"Perhaps, had your life been happy and without trouble, it might never have developed itself; but the pain you have suffered and the repression have made it fatal.

"You understand the word 'fatal?'"

"Yes, I understand," she said—"and I thank Heaven!

"I am very ill.

"At times my heart seems to stand still, it ceases almost to beat.

"A cold perspiration comes; my face, hands, and lips grow cold; it seems to me that in another moment I shall die.

"Again it beats until I cannot bear the trembling of my own body, and my blood is all on fire."

"Yes; those are symptoms of disease," he said.

"Tell me, Doctor," she asked, "how long do you think I have to live?"

"Not long," was the grave reply.

"In great measure it lies in your own hands.

"If you could get rid of this care, if you could prevent yourself from brooding over it, if you could rouse yourself, you might live a little longer."

"I could not," she said; "the restraint has been too great and too persistent.

"Will you tell me what the end will be like?"

"I wish you would not ask me," he answered, looking pitifully at the fair young face.

"It will be the greatest service you can render me," she said.

"It matters so little to me.

"If I had some months to live, I shall carry out an intention which I have formed; if not, I shall forego it.

"Tell me, Doctor."

"You will not live for months," he said—"the greater the pity."

"The greater the joy!" she cried. "Will it be weeks?"

"Weeks in all probabilities," replied he.

"And the end?" she asked again.

"The end will be sudden and peaceful," he answered.

"It may be at any time.

"Any sudden sorrow or joy might prove fatal.

"Calmness, peace, resignation are your greatest helps.

"Poor child," he said, in an outburst of sudden tender pity.

"Life has been hard for you!"

"Very hard," she declared.

"I wish," he said, "that you would follow my advice.

"I could not save your life, but I might prolong it."

"No," she replied.

"I am staying here at Mentone: I shall die here: and, when I die, they will be sure to send for you.

"You will not say that you have seen me?"

"I will not," he promised.

"Accept my best thanks," she said, holding out her hand to him.

"I knew there was something radically wrong: I am happier and easier now that I understand what it is.

"You have done me a service. Farewell!"

He thought of her a hundred times.

He wished that he had detained her, that he had forced her to send for her friends.

He reproached himself until the end of his life; and yet he had not been to blame.

"You look better to-night, Leah," said the Duchess.

The deadly pallor had left the fair face and there was a smile in the dark eyes.

"I feel more at ease about you."

Leah smiled to herself.

She was better because she was drawing nearer to the golden shore!

There followed two quiet, peaceful and happy weeks, of which Hettie liked to think afterwards.

It struck her at times that Leah looked weak and ill, but she made no complaint.

Letters and papers came every day from England, giving them all the news of Glen and of Brentwood—above all, of the election.

Hettie enjoyed talking about it with the Duchess, but Leah never uttered a word.

She had made up her mind to the greatest sacrifice any woman could make—she would die and give no sign.

When she left England, her determination had been never to return, never to see her lover again.

She intended to write to him from Mentone, and, without giving him any reason, break off her engagement with him.

She would never tell him her reason for doing so.

They would think her capricious and fickle, but none of them would ever know the truth.

She would not look upon her sister and her lover until time had dulled her pain.

She had arranged in her own mind where she should live—always in sunny Italy.

Sir Basil and her sister would soon be married: when he found that he was really free, he would not be long before he made Hettie his wife.

But now there was an opening for a still greater sacrifice—she could die and make no sign.

She need not write to Sir Basil now, there was no need to disturb him; she need not break her engagement, death would do that.

And they should never know her secret; she would die, and it would be buried with her.

Sir Basil would miss her and mourn for her; then, after a time, they would be married.

They never would quite forget her, but, as years rolled on, her memory would grow dim amongst them.

It would not matter to her, sleeping in peace.

News came from England that Sir Basil had been returned member for the county.

The Duke and Duchess were highly delighted.

Hettie was pleased, and talked more about it than she talked of anything else.

Leah said little, but she looked happier.

The next day a letter came to say that, the election being over, Sir Basil and the General hoped to run over to Mentone, even if they were able to remain but a week.

When Leah read this letter, her face grew white, and she passed it to the Duchess.

She knew she had spoken her last farewell to him, and that never in life should she see his face again.

Whether it was due to her strength being really gone, whether it was due to any sudden acceleration of her disease, or whether it was the effect of the letter, and the dread of seeing Sir Basil again—whatever the cause, Leah grew much worse, and the end came more quickly than she ever had expected.

One calm clear afternoon Leah complained of being tired; and, when the carriage came to the door, she declined to go with the Duchess and Hettie.

Her eyes were very bright, but her face was pale, with a curious shadow over it.

"If you will not go out, Leah," said the Duchess, "promise me at least that you will rest."

"I will; I have some letters—one especially—that I must write, and then I will lie down."

She went to her little sitting-room before they left, and the Duchess sent wine and grapes to her.

"I am not happy about Leah," she said gravely to Hettie, as they drove along.

"I am afraid she is very ill, much worse than she knows or thinks.

"I do not like the color or expression of her face.

"I wish the General and Sir Basil would come.

"About one thing I am quite resolved, I will send for a doctor at once: it shall not go on any longer.

"Hettie, can you guess what is wrong with her?

"Are you sure that all is well between her and Sir Basil?"

"I have not heard one word to the contrary," Hettie replied.

"I know of no cloud in her life.

"I have often wondered at the change in her; but I do not in the least understand it."

The Duchess was not herself during that drive.

She loved Leah, and she was unhappy about her.

Leah went to her room; the sun shone bright and warm, and the air was full of the perfume of flowers.

She was tired, with a peculiar feeling of longing for rest which was new to her, and her senses had been suddenly sharpened.

She could see farther; she could hear with almost painful distinctness.

She had a letter to write, but the feeling of fatigue was so strong upon her that she was hardly inclined to commence her task.

"I will do it at once, and then it will not trouble me," she said to herself.

She went to one of her jewel-cases which was kept locked, and which opened only with a peculiar key.

From it she took the small ring-case that Sir Basil had given her, and drew from it the old-fashioned wedding-ring with which she was to have been married.

But, as she lifted it from the case, it snapped and fell in two in her hands.

Whether it had been put away in some awkward fashion, or whether some one, in looking over the jewel-case, had taken the ring out, accidentally broken it, and replaced it without mentioning the fact, she could not tell.

She was not superstitious, she did not think of it as an omen or augury of evil; but it gave her a terrible shock.

She trembled as though some great disaster had occured.

She had intended to write to Sir Basil, and return him the ring, leaving the letter to be handed to him.

Now it lay broken in two, the ring that had been worn by so many faithful wives, that had been given by so many loving husbands, the ring that she had received with such loving care and confidence, the ring that she had hoped to wear until she lay dead and Basil took it from her.

It was broken now, like her love, her heart, her life.

What would Basil do?

Would he have it mended?

Would Hettie ever wear it?

She had never shed a tear since she had found that Basil did not love her, but her eyes grew dim as she looked at the broken ring.

She kissed it as though it had been a living thing and understood her action.

A broken wedding-ring is never a pleasant sight, and is always supposed to be an omen of misfortune; but there was something unutterably sad about this.

It signified so much; the heart of the girl to whom it belonged was broken as surely as the wedding-ring which lay before her snapt in two.

She took the two halves and folded them in a sheet of paper, and sealed it, addressed it to Sir Basil; then she drew toward her a sheet of paper to write the letter which she felt was to be the last she would ever pen.

CHAPTER LV.

LEAH looked out at the golden sunshine and the bright blue sky.

How fair the earth was!

It seemed hard that every one could not be happy, that hopes must perish, love be wrecked, life all spoiled.

Then she began to write.

That moment presented the supreme temptation of her life.

She longed so intensely to tell him that she knew all, to reproach him that he had professed another, to tell him that it was the knowledge of this fact which had killed her.

She longed to say this to him.

It seemed so hard to die and make no sign.

He would live and be happy, and no one would ever know what she had suffered or why she had died.

She sat for some time with the pen in her hand.

It was the one great temptation of her life.

Should she tell him or not?

When she came to die, should she feel any the happier that she had left him with this sting in his breast, this memory which would always be to him one of bitter pain?

It would be ample vengeance.

If he knew that her unhappiness had killed her, he could never be happy again.

He was honorable and sensitive: the chances were that if he knew the truth he would never marry Hettie.

He was not one to build his happiness on the grave of the woman who had loved him as well.

She judged him rightly.

If ever he knew or suspected the truth, he would never have another happy moment.

It was a great temptation.

Her heart throbbed with it, her whole frame trembled; and then with a supreme effort she conquered it.

They—nay, even he whom she loved, when he heard her story, had pronounced her selfish.

She could prove now that it was untrue.

She could make the greatest sacrifice that any woman could make, all the more noble that it would remain for ever a secret between Heaven and herself.

She would not tell him one word.

If in that past life of hers she had been selfish, her selfishness would be atoned for now.

She would write a simple letter, saying nothing of love or reproach, nothing of life or death, but telling him she had found the wedding-ring broken.

"My very dear Basil,—To my surprise this morning, on opening my jewel-case, I found the wedding-ring broken. I enclose it. You know better than I what to do with it——"

Swiftly, suddenly, as had been foretold, death came to her, without pain, without bitterness, without agony.

The pen dropped from the white fingers; her head fell upon the paper.

She died with a smile on her lips.

There was not even a spasm of pain, no faint murmur or cry.

The throbbing, laboring, broken heart, had stopped at last.

With the wind that chanted a requiem amongst the great trees her soul rose to Heaven, and the body left behind grew cold and beautiful in the embrace of death.

* * * * * *

So they found her, dead, with the half-written letter and the broken wedding-ring.

The Duchess was almost frantic.

She refused to believe that Leah was dead.

She declared that it was utterly impossible.

She would not see the mark of death on the beautiful face.

She sent for doctors, and one of the first who came was Doctor Evan Griffiths.

He recognized her at once.

This was the despairing girl who had come to him longing with her whole heart to die; and the longing had been granted.

He was accustomed to many a sad scene, to every kind of sickness and distress; but he had seen nothing which touched him more than the dead face of this hapless girl.

Tears came into his eyes.

The Duchess told him of the broken wedding-ring; she thought it a most marvellous coincidence.

And the little story conveyed to the Doctor almost all that he wanted to know.

Of course there was nothing to be done.

Doctor Griffiths said that there was no need for any inquiry; the cause of death was heart-disease—there was no doubt of it.

The Duchess raised her hands in astonishment.

"Heart disease!" she cried.

"I have never heard her complain of her heart!"

"I have," sobbed Hettie.

"I have frequently heard her complain of a sharp strange pain, and of her heart beating slowly."

"She must have suffered for years," said Doctor Griffiths; but he did not add that the disease had been aggravated by some terrible shock.

He respected the secret that she had kept so well.

The Duchess would not allow anything to be touched in the room until the General and Sir Basil came.

The unfinished letter lay upon the table, and the broken wedding-ring was in the folded paper.

They had telegraphed at once to Sir Arthur and Sir Basil.

Fast as steam could take them, they went to Mentone, and found the terrible news true that Leah was dead.

All the calm imperial beauty of her youth came back to her as she lay sleeping after her long fever and pain.

There was no pain on the beautiful face; the thick dark eyelashes lay like fringe on the white cheeks; there was a strange beauty on the marble brow; and the proud curves of the perfect lips were set in a smile.

The Duchess had covered the couch on which she lay with lovely white blossoms: and so Sir Basil, who had parted from her on board the steamer saw her again.

He kissed the pale lips that had murmured so many loving words to him, weeping like a child, and regretting that he had not loved her more.

The Duchess gave him the letter and the ring.

He received them in silence.

What had he to say?

But that night, when all was still, he crept back to the room, and laid the two halves of the broken wedding-ring on the cold white breast.

No one else should ever wear it; it was buried with her.

Early the next morning he went out and procured some scarlet passion-flowers.

Sir Arthur liked him all the better because he cried like a child when he placed them in the dead white hands.

One could have fancied that a smile passed over the dead face.

Her secret was safe for ever now, and no one knew why she had died.

No suspicion of the truth came to any of them.

So they mourned her, and no sting of bitter memories increased their pain.

Hettie and the General learned to love each other in the midst of their troubles more than they would ever have done in prosperity.

They mourned long and sincerely for Leah.

The General for a long time was quite unlike himself—he seemed unable to recover from the blow: and there were times when every one thought that Hettie must follow her sister.

There was a great outburst of sorrow in England when the papers told that Leah, the beloved niece of General Sir Arthur Hatton, had died suddenly at Mentone, of heart-disease.

English visitors go now to see her grave; none leave it without tears.

They tell each other how soon she was to have been married to some one whom she had loved dearly, and how she was writing to her lover when the summons came.

Leah's grave is the most beautiful in the cemetery.

A tall white marble cross bears her name, and masses of superb scarlet passion-flowers creep up it and overhang the grave.

* * * * * *

Five years have passed since Leah's death, but her memory lives bright and beautiful amongst those who loved her best.

Sir Basil and Hettie have been three years married, and they live entirely at Brentwood.

Sir Arthur implored them to let it be so.

He could not bear to live alone again.

So they had consented to make Brentwood their home, leaving it at times to go Glen, when the General always accompanied them.

He loved Hettie, and as the years rolled on, he looked to her for all the comfort and brightness of his life.

But those who knew him best said that she never occupied the place in his heart which Leah had.

One spot at Brentwood was sacred to Sir Basil—he would never allow it to be touched or changed—and that was the nook on the terrace where the passion-flowers grew.

He would not have them cut or pruned: they grew in luxurious profusion, and he allowed no one to gather them.

He loved his fair young wife with all his heart, yet he never once walked up the avenue without thinking of the beautiful face amongst the flowers which had brightened into new and sudden life at his approach.

He was very happy.

Life had been one long success with him.

His fame was ever growing; the time was coming when his name would be honored wherever the English language was spoken.

No one ever knew that a woman had died for love of him.

There is no fear that Leah will be forgotten at Brentwood.

The beautiful picture of her shown at the Royal Academy and called the Passion-Flower" hangs in the drawing-room there.

Every one who sees it stops and looks with wonder at the lovely face and dark eyes that seem to follow one.

Lady Carlton had a fine handsome boy, whom she had named Arthur, who inherits her blue eyes and golden hair.

She thinks there is no boy in England like him, and Sir Basil is of the same opinion, though perhaps in his heart he loves best the baby-girl called Leah, whose dark eyes and lovely face bring so vividly back to him the one buried for ever from the sight of man.

One morning Lady Carlton, at play with her baby-girl, caught her in her arms and held her up in front of the picture of "The Passion-Flower."

"See, Basil," she cried—"little Leah will be the very image of her aunt."

Sir Basil crossed over to his wife.

"She will resemble her," he said quietly: "but I hope baby's face will not have the shadow of melancholy that lies on this one."

"I hope not," returned Hettie.

"Leah always had that look; even when her face was most radiant, it was there.

"Oh, Basil, how young and beautiful she was to die!"

"I often wonder," said Sir Basil, "what would have happened had she lived, Hettie.

"I never like to think that our happiness—and we are happy, sweet wife—comes from Leah's death."

Hettie looked at him thoughtfully.

"It is not so, Basil," she said.

"If Leah had lived, you would have married her, but she would never have been happy.

"I think she wanted something more than one finds in this world.

"Her nature was noble and lofty; I do not think any human love would have satisfied her.

"Do you remember the restless longing on her beautiful face?

"See—it is there, even in this picture.

"She would never have been happy."

"Perhaps not," allowed Sir Basil, thinking of the broken wedding-ring and the letter over which she had died—"perhaps not, Hettie.

"I think you are right," he said, as they moved slowly away from the beautiful passionate face.

That was how they judged her.

"The heavy clouds may be raining,
But with evening comes the light;
Through the dark are low winds complaining,
Yet the sunrise gilds the height.
And Love has his hidden treasure
For the patient and the pure;
And Time gives his fullest measure
To the workers who endure;
And the Word that no love has shaken
Has the future pledge supplied,
For we know that when we 'awaken'
We shall be 'satisfied.'"

[THE END.]

Her Own Folly.

BY ERNEST L. SMITH.

MISS ARUNDEL had decided to attend the balls to be given by the Bullards, for it would be the event of the season.

True, her physician, Dr. Penhurst, had advised, nay, almost commanded, her to relinquish gaiety for the sake of her health; but then he was her affianced husband, so that his opinion was biased.

She was certainly weary from over-excitement, but society had crowned her queen for the moment, and her beauty and elegant wardrobe had been the theme of universal comment, so that she could not beat a retreat, now that Lent was near at hand, and let some else wear the laurels at the last—Miss Hamilton, for instance.

How she hated that woman, although they had never exchanged half-a-dozen words in their lives.

But Miss Hamilton's jewels and Miss Arundel's beauty had run a tilt that season, with the world's homage for guerdon.

Therefore, when the young man, at the last moment, laid a detaining hand gently on her arm, and said:

"Viola, will you not remain at home if I tell you that I consider it absolutely dangerous for you to excite yourself to-night?" she answered impatiently:

"I am a much better judge of my feelings than you can ever be, with all your learning, Doctor.

"It would be much more dangerous for me to stay at home.

"I should fret myself to death.

"Don't be jealous, you silly boy; I don't care for any man but you.

"This is a case of woman to woman, and that means something more profound than your philosophy will ever reveal to you."

A few minutes later the carriage was rolling away, with the queen of fashion seated inside, and the young doctor turned on his heel with a sigh.

Miss Arundel was one of the last guests to arrive at the Bullards.

Miss Hamilton had anticipated her by an hour, and had produced no small impression by her magnificent display of diamonds.

But few admired their owner.

She was slightly built, and a recent sickness had played fearful havoc with a face which could at no time boast of striking beauty, and which age had already commenced to score with harsh lines.

The false flush of red on either cheek only served to intensify its pallor.

When Miss Arundel entered, all eyes were at once turned in her direction, and a buzz of whispered comments went round the room.

Her card was rapidly filled, and, as her eyes sought the almost neglected figure of her hated rival, she knew that hers was the triumph—that beauty had defeated wealth.

Her weariness left her as if by magic, and she threw herself heart and soul into the gaiety.

The festivities were at their height, when an event occurred that brought them to a close.

The dance was the Lancers, for which a major in the regular army had engaged the hand of Miss Arundel.

They took their places, by mere chance, at the top of a set, at the bottom of which Miss Hamilton and her partner were already stationed.

A quick glance of dislike, of hatred and defiance passed between the two.

Miss Hamilton's mouth twitched convulsively, and she made a movement as if to change to another set.

But the introductory bars being played by the orchestra prevented this.

All languor had entirely disappeared from Miss Arundel, and was replaced by an almost feverish excitement, while Miss Hamilton stepped unsteadily, and even trod on the train of her own dress.

Almost at the commencement of the second figure, suddenly and without any warning, Miss Hamilton uttered an unearthly shriek and fell prone upon the floor, where she lay writhing in horrible convulsions.

Instantly there was a commotion among the guests, and they gathered rapidly around the fallen lady, while some ran for medical assistance.

Miss Arundel was pressed nearer and nearer to the spot where she lay by those who flocked from all parts of the room.

The shriek rang in her ears.

The suddenness of the occurrence had, as it were, loosened her overstrung nerves, and she clung to her partner's arm to prevent herself from falling.

A terror seized her, but in spite of herself she felt impelled to look upon the face of her prostrate rival.

The face!

Merciful heavens, the face!

Would she not dream and think of it ever after?

Would it not haunt her wherever she went, clinging to her memory as blood clings to the hand?

Its pallor gone, the features all drawn to one side and frightfully distorted, the eyes wide open, fixed and staring, the pupils being dilated but immovable.

The crowded parted, and a physician made his way to the sufferer's side.

What was it that Miss Arundel heard?

Dead!

Who was dead?

That woman with the face—with the fearful eyes.

Dead!

Dead of "heart disease," they said.

But to die there—to die loaded with jewels with which she had had to contend for supremacy—to die thus, so that those who had once admired her would now think of her with abhorrence.

It was horrible!

The air became too hot to breathe, the lights danced and swam before her eyes, and her brain burned as if with fire.

None wondered at her fainting.

Some delay was caused by reason of the carriages having to be sent for, but at length the great room that had been the brilliant theatre of this awful tragedy was darkened, and the guests were scattered far and wide.

The dull rumble of the wheels over the stones aggravated Miss Arundel's nervousness as she sat in the corner of her carriage, and the stillness of the night and the gloom of the streets had an additionally depressing effect.

That same rumble of the wheels seemed to grow by degrees into a confused murmur of inarticulate sounds, suggestive of an ever-narrowing circle of evil spirits surrounding her, and an indefinable premonition of some impending trouble pressed like an actual weight upon her heart.

But the face!

Look where she would, those horribly-contorted features, with the dreadful, staring eyes, confronted her.

In the dark corners of the carriage, under the seat, out in the roadway, everywhere haunting her.

A phantom mask with eyes—eyes never closing for a moment, but always open, distended, fixed.

The expression of the face was one of abject terror, intensified beyond description by contortion.

Her maid was ready to receive her, but she hurried past her in the hall, and merely said in passing:

"I shall not need you; go to bed."

Viola Arundel closed the door of her room slowly, for it seemed to shut out assistance and leave her alone with the dead face.

The gas by the side of the bureau burned low, so that the room was in semi-darkness.

She hesitated.

Should she ring for Annette and tell her that she was afraid of being alone, like a child?

That would only furnish a joke for the servants at her expense.

Utterly unnerved, now that the sustaining excitement was withdrawn, and haunted by the vision of those dreadful eyes meeting her everywhere, she hurried to the bureau to raise the gas, but by a false movement turned it out.

Even this trivial accident added to her nervousness.

Just then a heavy cloud that had obscured the moon passed away, and the cold, clear light shone directly upon her, and revealed her reflection in the mirror.

There, every feature distinctly visible, was the face of the dead woman!

No, worse yet—the face was her own, but it was contorted, the eyes were dilated, and the expression was the same, line for line, as that which haunted the carriage, the streets, the room, everywhere.

Bereft of the power of speech, unable even to cry aloud, she clutched the bureau, and gazed with ever increasing horror at the dreadful picture.

Then, with one blow of her clenched fist, she shivered the crystal to fragments.

The noise of the falling glass soon brought the maid to the door, but before she had time to enter, Viola Arundel had turned the key, and called out that nothing was the matter, that she had broken something.

The maid should not see that face—no one should ever see it.

She was no longer haunted by her rival's features, but her own.

She was afraid of herself.

Throughout the night she sat in the dark, possessed by the terrible idea that she, whose beauty had won encomiums from all, had now become an object of intense loathing.

People would shun her.

Walter?

Oh, he must never know it—never, never know!

Rather the world should think her mad than for the degrading secret to be noised abroad.

She bethought herself of wearing a mask.

She had several, and selected one of white satin, on account of its having a heavy fall of close lace, which entirely obscured the lower features; and then, unfastening the door, she crept into bed.

When, on the following morning, the maid saw the broken glass and her mistress lying masked in bed, and refusing to rise, she concluded that Miss Arundel was insane.

Dr. Penhurst was sent for, and came at once.

A glance told him the story: the strain had proved too great, and the woman for whose sake he would gladly have given his life, lay before him with an intellect unsettled by her own folly.

He at once made up his mind how to act, and addressed her as though nothing unusual had happened, making no reference to the mask.

He believed that nature would effect a cure.

But when day after day passed, and the most skilfully-worded questions failed to draw her into telling anything about the mystery, when, to all appearance, in her right mind in all other matters, she, nevertheless, refused to remove the mask.

She would give him no reason for wearing it.

Finally she told him that marriage between them was impossible.

He lost all patience, and demanded to know why.

But even then she merely said that she could not tell him, and would say nothing more.

She kept within doors, and, sleeping or waking, wore the white mask.

One summer evening Dr. Penhurst found her sitting by the open window, but screened from observation by the closed blinds.

She seemed lost in thought, and in her lap lay a miniature portrait.

As usual, he assumed a light tone, and asked her whose portrait she was dreaming over.

"My dead mother's," she answered sadly, "My beautiful mother!"

"May I see it?"

She handed the little painting to him.

"How closely you resemble her!" he exclaimed; and then added more softly—"Or did.

"Oh, Viola, let me see your dear face once more."

She started to her feet, and held her mask as if she dreaded lest he might forcibly remove it.

"Don't be alarmed, my darling," he said, gently pressing her back into her seat.

"I will wait your own time, only remember how much I love you."

"You think I shall grow to be like my mother?" said Viola.

"So I used to think, but that is impossible."

"Nay," insisted the Doctor, "I'll wager you are more like her than when I last saw your face.

"Let me judge for myself."

"Oh, you are cruel," she cried, turning from him; "and yet, of late, I have been thinking whether I do right in hiding the terrible truth from you.

"You are wasting your life in the vain hope that I shall overcome this—temporary insanity, as you believe it to be.

"But I love you, Walter—I love you well enough to give up that you may be happy."

The secret that he longed to hear hung on her lips.

It was a minute of breathless suspense to him.

"My beauty," she commenced, "has gone.

"It went in a moment.

"I saw Miss Hamilton when she died.

"Her face was awful.

"Behind this mask is just such another one.

"It would haunt you to your dying day were you to see it, dear; you would loathe me.

"Keep this secret, as the mask keeps it.

"And now, Walter, leave me."

Dr. Penhurst started when he first heard the news, and then, becoming incredulous, begged her to let him see for himself.

"You are cruel," she cried again.

"But since you will not believe, bear this memory with you forever."

So saying, she tore off the mask and stood boldly before him.

He gazed at her for an instant, but without expressing any loathing—nothing but sorrow—and then, turning sadly away, left her.

But the following day he called as usual, and as every day for two weeks.

On the fifteenth day he said:

"Viola, if you really wish it, I will leave you."

She clasped her hands and commenced trembling, but said nothing.

"Before going," he continued, "I wished to leave behind something by which you might remember me.

"Two weeks ago I took with me the miniature of your mother.

"I knew how you loved her, and so I have had a life-size painting made of it.

"Come with me to see it."

She took his arm, and noticed that it trembled.

Then she knew how much he loved her.

He led her to the reception-room.

"I have had it arranged after the same style as that by Wiertz—behind a screen, you see, so that surrounding objects cannot possibly interfere with the vision, and the painting stands out with remarkable boldness."

He spoke hurriedly as he pointed to the screen, in which was a large oval opening through which to view the painting.

She made a step forward.

He caught her wrist, and said:

"I will not look at you, only you must remove your mask."

She went forward, and, with her back towards him, took off the mask, and then looked at the picture.

After a minute or two she rearranged the mask, and came up to him with outstretched hands.

"Oh, Walter, how good of you!

"It is wonderful! it looks as if it could speak."

Dr. Penhurst caught her hands in his and pressed them to his lips.

Then he led her again to the screen and swung it back upon its hinges, at the same time clasping her round the waist.

There, painted on the back of the screen,

was a copy of the miniature, but without a face.

Instead of the face was a large oval opening through which she had looked.

"What does this mean?" she said in bewilderment.

"It means," he exclaimed, "that you saw" —here he pointed to the wall opposite to the wall opposite the screen, and near to which it had stood when closed—"not your mother, but yourself."

She gave a hurried glance in the direction indicated, and beheld a large mirror so arranged as to reflect the picture on the back of the screen.

In a moment she understood the deception he had practiced upon her, for she remembered that in order to see the painting she had been obliged to press her face closely against the opening, which it exactly fitted.

Had she been dreaming all this while?

With an impulsive longing to know the truth, she snatched off the mask and looked in the mirror.

There was no contortion.

If anything, her face was more beautiful than ever.

"Now, must I leave you, Viola, my own?" cried the young man, clasping her to his heart.

She rested her head on his shoulder and burst into tears.

"No. No need to leave me, Walter, if you will take for your wife a foolish little woman who lost her reason through her own folly."

And he never left her.

BARBARA GRAHAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWICE MARRIED," "MABEL MAY," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

SHE scarcely paused by the library door; so delicate was her sense of honor, that nothing but the most urgent reason could have induced her to incur the degradation of listening for a moment to another's secrets; still her ears were unconsciously strained to catch the accents of that strange voice as she hurried past the room.

She could tell that he was speaking—that it was not Sidney Ashley's manly voice that was sounding in that quiet room.

But the tones were too low, or the speaker too distant from the door, for her to determine with any certainty whether her first supposition was correct; and thus, with a greatly troubled and doubtful heart, so far as her own perplexity was concerned, she returned to her patient.

"Claudia, it is a stranger to all of us," she said, in reply to the eager, piteous glance; "a man with white hair, so Stephen described him, and of course too old for any alarm so far as you are concerned."

She could not suppress the emphasis on the words that told her suspicion of the cause of Claudia's terror.

"You are quite sure?" she said, gaspingly, and with a deep sigh of relief.

"Stephen assured me that it was so," replied Barbara.

"Thank Heaven!" said Claudia.

"Bless you, Barbara, for the tidings."

Then sinking back on her pillows—the sense of her weakness coming over her with the calming of her mental terror—Claudia closed her eyes in sleep.

While Claudia slept, the lonely orphan prayed fervently that her secret foe—the openly-estranged friend might yet be overruled, and restored to her.

The sunshine streamed through the darkened windows with cheering power; it seemed a herald of hope and encouragement to the saddened, lonely watcher.

* * * * * *

Sidney Ashley entered his library with a look that vainly endeavored to hide his agitation and surprise at the sight of that carefully enclosed card.

He looked at his visitor with an eager, keen gaze, as if determined to scan each feature, but the guest baffled his keen gaze, though he stood calmly and unflinchingly meeting the eyes fixed on him with no very kindly expression, and not attempting to speak till his host bade him explain the urgent business which had led him to insist on an interview at so inconvenient a moment.

"I presume my servant told you that we had severe illness in the house, and that no strangers were admitted during the affliction?"

"I knew it before I came," replied the stranger, "and perhaps guessed it before you did yourself.

"I knew that danger had hung over your ward, and that her own weakness and folly had occasioned it."

"You are insolent, sir," said Sidney Ashley, and his brow darkened as he spoke.

"I have no wish to hear your knowledge or opinion of the lady you allude to."

The man laughed scornfully.

It was a strange laugh, so contemptuous and sarcastic.

"My good sir," he said, "you waste a great deal of time and breath in informing me of what I already know much better than yourself.

"First, I am perfectly acquainted with the little secrets of the handsome girl you intend to make mistress of Ashley Court; and next, I am familiar with your confidence in that lady for whom such an honor is intended.

"You are a happy man, Sidney Ashley, to preserve such an amiable trustfulness at your mature age, and after the experience you have had."

Sidney's face was now blazing with sudden, ungovernable passion.

"Man," he said, hoarsely, "dare not to touch of the past; speak of the present, the future—speak of me as you will.

"I will patiently listen to your recital of the business that procured you admittance to my presence: but there is one subject to which I brook no allusion to from friend or stranger."

"Or foe," put in the stranger, with undisturbed equanimity.

"Is that what you would say, Sidney Ashley?"

"As you will," he said: "provided you put yourself in that category."

"Oh, as to that, I do not aspire to any such distinction," said the stranger, carelessly.

"I am too humble an individual to be the foe of the master of Ashley Court; but I may, perhaps, in spite of my insignificance, possess some knowledge that might be useful to him, if he is wise enough to listen to what I have to say."

Mr. Ashley now looked more inquiringly at the stranger.

He discerned something more than bravado or empty boasting in the man's features, in the calm unflinching look of the eyes, in the compressed mouth, half hidden by the moustache of which Stephen had spoken.

"I am willing to hear," he said, "if you will be brief and to the point, and abstain from insolent hints and allusions, which can add nothing to the object for which you have forced this interview."

"I know not that," said the man; "and you know it still less.

"I am no fool nor boaster to assert things of which I know nothing, still less to give warnings I cannot justify.

"I tell you, therefore, that I speak advised and deliberately when I say that your whole plans, your fortune, your honor even, depend on your attending to what I have to tell, and listening to the most painful part of my communication."

"I am not to be frightened, nor shall I shrink from paid, mental or bodily," said Mr. Ashley, scornfully.

"I know it," said the man; "and I know you, Sidney Ashley—know you from not only personal knowledge, but from the report of one who shared your inmost confidence.

"But you perhaps overrate your own strength, or undervalue what I have to say."

"You may overrate my patience," said Sidney Ashley, pushing a chair towards his guest.

"I will give you ample time for your statement, if you will spare all preamble.

"If not, I shall return to the duties from which your urgent request drew me, and call my servant to conduct you from the house."

"Turn me out!

"Well, in that case, you would very likely follow me," said the man, insolently throwing himself on the chair indicated.

"Hark ye, Mr. Ashley.

"I tell you that a word from me can send you out of this home of your ancestors, and deprive you of the fair young bride you have chosen—not won.

"It rests partly with you, whether or not I speak that word."

"If it were in your power I would not move a finger to prevent it," said Sidney, haughtily.

"If it rests with you, do it; I will not hinder it."

His coolness seemed for a moment to baffle and silence his adversary.

His weapons seemed blunted for the time by the reception of his shafts.

"It depends on fancy," he said; "nay, on more than fancy as to the injustice by which you hold the estates, or to the value to be attached to the possession of a spoiled girl's hand with or without a heart.

"However, I am no friend to long preambles any more than yourself; so we will proceed to business, if you can engage we shall not be disturbed."

"No one will venture to interrupt us," said Sidney coldly.

His face was pale—very pale.

It was impossible for the strongest nature to anticipate unmoved a communication thus heralded; albeit he still hesitated to give any credence to such a tale.

"I must go back some years," said the man, "and touch on topics you have forbidden, to make you comprehend my tale.

"Many years ago, the son of the then baronet of your name, a man proud as yourself, and perhaps more narrow and bigoted than your more extended knowledge has made you, committed an act of gross injustice, as appears to my common mind, though your exalted intellect might say that he had a right to do what he liked with his own.

"Sir Geoffrey Ashley had two sons and one daughter, as I need scarcely remind you since the portrait which you have, and the smaller copy in my possession, recall too vividly the features of Florence Ashley for her nephew to ignore her existence.

"The eldest son, while traveling in warmer and brighter climes, fell in love with and married a young Italian woman, whom he took from her home, and brought to his father's house, to be received with scorn and coldness, and turned out of the mansion which was her rightful heritage.

"The tender Southern blossom withered and perished under the ungenial atmosphere of a haughty parent's scorn and her husband's ill-concealed mortification and weak despair.

"But she left a son, who vowed to be revenged for that mother's misery and wrongs, if there were power in strong will and a fertile Southern brain.

"His youth was spent partly in his own land, where, by an unexpected death, he became heir to the distant head of his ancient line, but chiefly in the land of his mother's wrongs, where he brooded over and planned revenge on their author.

"But to return to my story.

"Sir Geoffrey vowed vengeance against not only the son who had offended him, but against the younger brother who had dared to support his brother in his assertion of free will, and to declare that his own choice would be free and unbiased by his father's tyranny.

"Perhaps the young man thought that his father dared not cut off the ancient line of which he was the sole heir, and acted with more presumption in consequence.

"However that might be, the old man was as stern and self-willed as his son, and coolly announced to him, that his property should all descend to his daughter, with a very small pittance to himself, if he presumed to disobey his will.

"Your father, Sidney Ashley, partook of the family pride, and perhaps, from a spirit of reckless resistance to authority, wooed and won a woman whom Sir Geoffrey hated as the child of a successful rival in earlier life.

"The day when the tidings were brought to him that the marriage had taken place, he executed a will in behalf of his daughter Florence, who was made sole heiress of the estates, to descend to her daughter if she had any, on condition that the husband of that unborn granddaughter took the name of Ashley.

"He expressly added, that his object in thus willing the property in the female line for two generations, was to revenge and punish the disobedience of his two unworthy degenerate sons."

"And pray how did you know the contents of a stranger's will so accurately, and one that I, his lineal descendant and heir, never heard of?" interrupted Sidney.

"The recital does credit to your imagination; but you must excuse my not giving belief to so improbable a tale."

"Patience, Sidney Ashley, patience," said the man.

"It is a virtue I have learned to practice, and I recommend it to you.

"My tale is not yet half finished.

"I told you that the will was made: I have heard—we will say for argument's sake—the whole details from those who knew every word of it; but I never said that it was put in practice.

"Florence Ashley partook of some of the wilful, proud spirit of her race.

"She fell in love—deep, passionate, intense love, mark you—with a man brilliant in talent, handsome in person, but only a private secretary—a dependent in her father's house; but that man was her equal in birth, the disinherited son of a jealous, gloomy tyrant, who had taken another name, and earned his bread in that proud disguise.

"Perhaps they never would have carried their attachment to the length of open avowal, or marriage, had not an accident brought the wrath of the old tyrant on their heads, and driven them to confess their love.

"The storm was fearful; but Florence was firm in her allegiance, and declared that nothing should shake her faith, nor the troth she had given to the man of her choice.

"Sir Geoffrey drove her from him, ordered her lover from the house, and swore that both should feel the result of his wrath.

"'Remember your brothers,' he said; 'they thought to brave me with impunity.

"'You, a woman, the spoiled, petted child of my old age, shall rue yet more dearly the ingratitude and insolence you have dared to return for all the love I have lavished on you.'

"Florence burst into tears.

"The touch of tenderness in those bitter words produced what reproaches could not do; but he only repeated his command to her to leave him, on pain of his being tempted to visit her with his curse.

"I have heard that a stormy scene, such as should not have been enacted where one of the parties was young and beautiful, took place.

"But no one was present to tell it save her who was the victim of that stern old man's fury.

"All that was known of the matter was the sound of loud and passionate words, and bitter weeping; but the strongest evidence of the fury he displayed was the result.

"The next morning Florence was missing, and in forty-eight hours from that in which her absence was discovered her father was a corpse.

"Sir Geoffrey had spent some hours in the apartment of the fugitive before retiring to rest that night, and when his servant performed his usual duties, he observed his master looked worn and haggard, as if years had gone over his head rather than hours since the preceding day.

"And I have heard from one who was in the house on that memorable night, that his valet knocked at the door of the lady's room many times ere he could arouse Sir Geoffrey from the reflections which every object in that apartment must have occasioned.

"Whether remorse, or anger, or revenge prevailed during those long hours, no one can tell; but the passions of the lonely man wrought their work.

"When his servant went to his room on the following day, the baronet was a corpse."

The man stopped for a moment, and his eyes were fixed on Sidney Ashley, as if desiring to read and prolong the torture he had inflicted.

But the listener was not a man to display emotion to a stranger.

"Much of this I knew before," he said.

"If you think me responsible for doings enacted some forty years since, I can only beg to decline any further explanation on the subject."

"Patience, Sidney Ashley," again said the stranger.

"I have more, much more to tell.

"Sir Geoffrey Ashley died when you were an infant, and I a child of four; years old; but that does not prevent the consequences of his tyranny still influencing the conduct and the destinies of both."

"Of both!" repeated Mr. Ashley, scornfully.

"What have you to do with the errors or the destiny of an ancient race you, a stranger, and, if I judge right, an alien!"

"Oh, time may develop that and all other things connected with the tale I am telling," said the man, laughing.

"But I promise you that neither your time nor mind will be wasted if you listen to my tale to the end.

"I told you the old man was known to make a will in favor of Florence Ashley and her descendants, with preference to the female line; but on his sudden demise no such will could be found.

"The lawyer who made it declared that it been returned to his client's possession by his confidential clerk.

"But every repository was searched, and no trace of the missing will could be found; and the conclusion arrived at was that the old man must have destroyed it.

"At least it was the one quickly proclaimed and acted on by Philip Ashley, who was of course the heir-at-law in its absence."

"This is too much, sir," said Ashley, his brow growing heavy. "Do you dare to insinuate that such a conclusion was unfounded, or that my father had the slightest share in the disappearance of the will?"

"I insinuate nothing; I should gain little by so doing," said the man coolly.

"I have facts to deal with, not insinuations.

"The clerk to whom the said will was committed died before the old baronet, and of course could not be a witness in the case.

"And the widow and son whom he had left had disappeared almost directly after his death, and for the time all clue to them appeared to be lost.

"At least, so Mr. Philip Ashley thought and said.

"Nay you need not excite your hot blood in the matter.

"My words are innocent. He did so think, I say.

"If you imagine otherwise, it is no fault of mine."

Mr. Ashley closed his lips firmly, and no words escaped them.

"Years went on," resumed the man, after a short pause; "Philip Ashley died early, and the only son he left grew on to manhood, apparently in the heighth and flush of prosperity and happiness.

"The son of Beatrice Cenci had cherished patiently the memory and the purpose which had early been burnt into his mind.

"He never lost sight of the heir of Ashley Court, nor his prospects, his desires, his plans.

"The object of Sidney Ashley's love, idolatry it might be called, was young, beautiful, and proud—too proud to submit to his exacting jealousy, too young and lovely not to be certain to excite it.

"At last his enemy's day came.

"The fair idol of Sidney Ashley's love fell beneath the trials to which she was exposed.

"Edith Vere fled from the possible chains which awaited her, and hastily united herself to the hereditary enemy of her old lover.

"It was a worthy revenge, was it not, Sidney Ashley?

"And you suffered, as even that bitter foe could scarcely have hoped you would, for years and years."

Ashley's face had grown pale during the recital, and now his eyes flashed fiercely on the speaker as he bent forward, and scanned keenly his features.

"Man," said he, "are you the fiend of whom you speak? Speak! for I will have the truth!"

"Did I not say?" replied the stranger, smilingly; "cannot your own sense tell you, that the man of whom I speak was one of little more than your own age?

"Look at my hair—are these the white locks of a man in his prime?

"You dream, or my tale has turned your head."

"Go on," again said the master of Ashley Court, with an enforced calmness of look and tone.

"I said years again went on, and the deserted master of Ashley Court, the scorned lover of Edith Vere, formed a romantic project of renewed love and happiness.

"He planned for himself the winning of a youthful heart in his maturity, even though he had failed to gain love in his youthful prime.

"And the avenger let the dream go on, for he knew that he held the power to snap it at the moment of its fruition, though even he could scarcely realize the full extent of the punishment he could inflict.

"He could scarcely foresee that the beautiful foundling would act over again the former tale, and bestow the full, ardent love of an impetuous nature on one young and handsome and ardent as herself, even while bound by the ties of gratitude and interest and dependence to her benefactor-lover."

Sidney Ashley started to his feet; he could endure the torture no longer.

"Liar! fiend! wretch!" he exclaimed, grasping the arm of the man with sudden fury, and raising him from the chair; "leave the room, the house, instantly, or I will have you punished as your villiany deserves.

"It is false; a slanderous, fiendish invention; I will hear no more."

"As you will," said the man, extricating himself from the grasp with an ease and strength wonderful at his advanced age; "but it will not restore to you Claudia Sabine's heart, nor secure the inheritance you so long unjustly engrossed."

Sidney Ashley looked at the man's calm, sneering features with a look of mingled agony and bewildered anger that would have touched the heart of one less coldly hard in the infliction of torture.

"Man, I will hear you to the end," said he, "false and wild as your words are, and then I warn you not to tempt me further; my blood is hot, and I would not have blood on my hands.

"There is a point beyond which I could not answer for myself, and there are subjects on which no man can touch with safety to himself or me.

"If there is a grain of truth in your words, it shall be sifted to the bottom; if there false, you will rue it to the last hour of the few days that remain to you of life."

"Then, if my life depends on that, I may defy the old enemy of mankind," laughed the man, in his irritating way.

"I may take a new lease of life, Mr. Ashley, if the truth of my story will ensure it to me.

"But you were in haste just now, and yet you delay my tale by all these unnecessary interruptions and commentaries.

"I have not much more to say, if you will listen with a little patience."

Sidney Ashley fixed himself down in his chair, as if striving to compose his mind by the rigidity of his body.

"Go on," he said.

"Be brief, and I will not again interrupt you."

"We shall see—we shall see," said the man incredulously, and then he fell into thought again, as if musing how best to proceed with his story.

At last he roused himself at the signal of an irrepressible groan from his companion.

"You doubted me just now as to my report of Claudia Sabine's feelings and actions.

"Listen!

"I can prove to you that not only did she carry on clandestine meetings with her young lover ere you brought her from the home of her girlish days, but that since her residence here, since her betrothal to yourself, she has received and written letters which show the strength of her love, the extent of her devotion to the man for whom she would have sacrificed all.

"Yes, Sidney Ashley, it was to his prayer his counsels, that you owed her apparent acceptance of your suit.

"At his bidding I tell you she would have left you, and the home and luxury and wealth you offered, for his love and companionship in a foreign land."

Ashley's features worked spasmodically, a low groan escaped him.

"Then you did—you do love her so deeply?" asked the man with a covert smile.

"She is beautiful enough and young enough to have won the heart of the mature and disappointed lover of——"

He stooped down and whispered something in Ashley's ear that made him start suddenly.

"Are you mad, or lying?" he asked, in a hoarse tone.

"If you have a touch of human feeling in you, do not deceive me."

"Were it my last word on earth, Sidney Ashley, it is true," replied the man, more gravely and kindly than he had yet spoken.

"Merciful Heaven, I cannot curse her—I cannot, I must not, dare not!" murmured the stricken man.

"It is her fate—it is my lot, my own mad folly.

"I am justly punished."

He hid his face in his hands, and the tears trickled through his fingers without an attempt to subdue his unconscious weakness.

And another name pierced his heart, and murmured on his lips—the name of one more worthy, more noble, whom he had scorned and neglected in her uncomplaining self-sacrifice.

He now could read much that had perplexed and angered him; he could comprehend the meaning of the actions that had appeared so blamable, so suspicious in that noble-hearted girl; and he felt abased and desolate, in the thought that he had cast away the respect, the love, the gratitude, which had been lavished on him by that noble, elevated nature so akin to his own. He scarcely heeded the rest of the man's promised tale—the threat that he had yet to explain.

He thought only of Claudia's treachery, of Barbara's loss, and of the injustice the orphan had suffered at his hands.

"Are you ready?" said the guest, with a touch of compassion in his tone. "I have not much more to tell."

Sidney bowed; there was more dignity and less impatience in his manner, and the visitor seemed somewhat awed by the composure that succeeded to the storm.

"I have spoken of the heart hitherto," he said.

"I am now to tell of what to most men would be considered as of more importance.

"I mean the loss of your heritage, of its transfer to other hands—to that of its heiress."

"You can finish at your pleasure; it is for me to judge what credence is to be given to your words," replied Sidney, and a scornful smile crossed his pale features as he spoke.

"As you will.

"I pledge myself to their truth, and challenge you to disprove them," said the stranger.

"Sidney Ashley, the will that Sir Geoffrey Ashley left, bequeathing all he had to his daughter and her children, with preference to those in the female line, is extant; nay, it is in my possession, to be produced at pleasure."

"It must indeed be proved with no ordinary proof," said Sidney, with an incredulous, scornful smile.

"And if it were, my aunt and her descendants, if she had any, have long since died, and I am the sole heir-at-law in their default.

"You have overshot your mark now.

"I am not vulnerable in that respect, at any rate."

"We shall see," said the man.

"As regards the will, I can prove its authenticity beyond question; furthermore, the lawful heiress is living, Sidney Ashley, and must be put in possession of her rights, so long unjustly withheld."

"And will she contest the point?" asked Ashley.

"She knows not of it yet," was the reply.

"But I am about to inform her of the facts of the case, and to aid her in the attempt, or rather the certain claim she has to your whole estates and possessions."

"Name her," said Ashley, hoarsely.

"Not yet, not yet," said the man.

"You will know all in time.

"And then Sidney Ashley, bereft of friends, name, fortune, love—with the memory of past sorrows, of present humiliation, of future desolation—your enemy will be avenged, and the shade of Beatrice Cenci will be at rest."

Sidney Ashley looked bewildered.

Then a light came over his face, and he suddenly raised his head.

"Man," said he, "I will be answered. I have the right to ask, and to know what cannot long be hidden.

"Is that girl of whom you speak—the supposed heiress of these broad lands—the descendant of Florence Ashley?

"Is she the orphan, the girl known as Barbara Graham?

"Speak, speak——"

But the man addressed had slowly risen during the agitated question of Sidney Ashley, and, as he concluded, he made a rapid step to the window, and in an instant bounded from the low opening, and was soon lost to view.

The truth flashed in an instant on Sidney Ashley's mind.

His conjecture was correct, and the obscure orphan, Barbara Graham, was the rival claimant for his broad lands and name.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

TWO days had elapsed since the advent of the stranger to Ashley Court, and Sidney Ashley had not again visited the chamber of his betrothed.

Excuses and inquiries had been sent through the housekeeper.

"Her master was ill—had pressing business—was forced to go out"—anything and everything but the truth, that Sidney Ashley was still slowly deliberating as to the course to be adopted with respect to the astounding communication he had heard, ere he ventured on another interview with his betrothed ward or his protegee.

There were many points of verisimilitude in the tale of the stranger that induced some belief, ay, and more than belief, in the whole; and yet they were as yet so shadowy, that Sidney could neither verify nor disprove them by any process open to him.

He half smiled with bitterness of heart as he considered again and again the position in which the unknown had left him—the tantalising suspense which appeared part of the torture intended for his punishment.

To question Claudia was impossible, in her present state.

His own hand had raised a barrier, that could scarcely be thrown down at his bidding, between himself and the unconscious claimant to his wealth.

Mrs. Cowan had no possible means of assisting him in the inquiry, even were her health in a state to make such agitation safe for her; and to consult any one out of the pale of his own family was not to be thought of for an instant.

Thus the strong-hearted, yet tortured lover of Edith Vere, the betrothed of the beautiful young ward he had trained for his bride, the stalwart friend and benefactor of Barbara Graham, was severed, and bowed, and torn by the refined agonies inflicted on him by his mysterious foe, without relief from love or friendship.

He mused and mused, by day, and tossed sleeplessly on his bed at night, till at length the remembrance of perhaps the only person in whom he could trust, or who would be likely to give him information, or counsel, occurred to him.

That person was his friend and relative, Mrs. Holder, the mother of the sparkling, saucy Kate, the calm, and judicious, and trustworthy friend of his mother in earlier days, and the kind, matured counsellor of his own childhood.

Sidney Ashley was not one to pause when his resolution was once taken; but with a brief farewell to his aunt, and a few lines to be given to Claudia, when able to read them, he started for the metropolis on the third evening after the visit of the unknown where he expected to find the Holders, or to obtain tidings of their present residence.

Every arrangement was made that could ensure the safety of his wards during his absence.

The housekeeper and the steward, old and trusty retainers of the family, were left in special charge of the invalid and her young nurse.

Dr. Somers was requested to double, if possible, his care and attention during the time of convalescence, and the men servants usually employed in the house were increased by the presence of one or two trusty servitors from the village.

And thus, having made arrangements against the vague feeling of unknown danger that might overhang his wards or his household, he left on his expedition for (as he presumed) a brief and rapid space of time.

But there were to be important events and changes ere he saw those youthful charges again, and then under very different circumstances from his present relation to them.

Claudia's recovery was as rapid and unlooked for as her violent and sudden seizure of sickness.

The youthfulness and unbroken character of her constitution, the extreme care and skill of her physician, and of the young, grave, thoughtful attendant of her sick room, worked wonders; and it might be that the absence of her guardian was conducive to her recovery, as well to her impatience to escape from the confinement of the sick room and the house.

As days went on, and the bright sunshine poured more and more feebly into the sick room, her fretful impatience for air, for change, for liberty became uncontrollable, and Dr. Somers at last gave way to her renewed entreaties to be allowed a drive on a warm summer afternoon about a week after her guardian's departure.

There was something suspicious to Barbara's excited mind in Claudia's determination to escape; for her weakness was still too great to permit of her walking even to the top of the staircase, and a sort of litter was made to convey her into the carriage that waited for her at the garden entrance of the house.

Barbara marked the restlessness of her eyes as they drove slowly along, and the cold shiver of disappointment with which she turned away after each quick, discursive glance.

The first drive and the second thus passed in alternate eagerness and disappointment, and on the third day the patient had gained strength enough to walk to the carriage with the aid of the arm of her young nurse on one side and the footman on the other; and even the careful Mrs. Soames could but say that Miss Claudia "did look wonderful, it must be confessed, and if she was a bit wilful or so, why it did agree with her astonishing."

Barbara had lingered a little in the hall to place a letter she had written to her worthy landlady, with a request that she would prepare for her speedy return, and as she joined the invalid, she fancied she could detect a bright flush of excitement on her cheeks, which might perhaps be accounted for by Mrs. Soames's compliment.

Claudia looked almost her old self as they drove along; her eyes flashed with excitement; her cheeks wore a bloom that gave them some of their former roundness, and Barbara could scarcely realise the weeks of anxiety she had just suffered for that bright girl.

The carriage which had been especially appropriated to their use was a low, easy park chaise, in which cushions and coverlets were arranged so skilfully as to prevent the slightest chance of uneasy motion to the invalid.

The highly-trained ponies which drew the vehicle were also the most gentle animals in the stables, and the whole equipage was under the guidance of a trusty old coachman.

The other attendant of the two girls was the devoted Stephen, to whom Claudia's lightest word was law.

Barbara knew this; she felt that Claudia's will was law in that household of which she was so soon to be the mistress, and that her own influence over the wayward girl would diminish with her returning strength and that she was powerless to avert the consequences of the wilful and dangerous game which she felt she was playing.

It was a position of no common difficulty and annoyance, even had Barbara's own heart been as free and indifferent to the master of Ashley Court as she strove to believe; and the over-tired girl only waited for the return of Sidney Ashley to leave at once, and for ever, the house which had been to her a scene of such distress and trial.

There was something in Claudia's look and manner that excited her suspicions, but she had been too frequently warned by Dr. Somers not to risk the slightest agitation in Claudia's present delicate state of health, to attempt to question or oppose any wish or fancy of hers.

Indeed, of late, a sort of apathy had seemed to steal over the usually energetic, self-reliant Barbara, that numbed the warm impulses and strong quick perceptions of her nature.

It was partly the physical exhaustion resulting from Barbara's long attendance on the beautiful invalid at her side that began to show in her pale face, the spiritless languor of her movements, and the subdued tones of her voice.

But there was a look of hopeless suffering in her eyes, an unnatural depression in her mouth, which spoke of deeper cause for the change in the usual noble self-reliance, the elevated self-mastery, of the orphan.

It said, plainly as that expressive face could speak, that life afforded neither hopes nor fears for the lonely wayfarer.

And thus, one of the fits of abstracted musing that had been so frequent with her of late, seemed to seize her as she reclined in that luxurious little carriage at Claudia's side, and she scarcely heeded either the road they took, or the anxious, eager looks of Claudia's dark eyes, as they drove swiftly on.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Scientific and Useful.

INK.—A dilute solution of pure cobalt chloride in water makes a good secret postal-card ink.

STEAM PIPES.—The fires that are occasioned by steam-heating pipes may be avoided, according to a writer in an English journal, by very few simple rules of construction. Thus, in passing through hollow walls and floors, the pipe should be surrounded by a sleeve made of larger pipe, that is, large enough to leave a free air space between the steam pipe and the outer pipe. In the case of mills available area can be advantageously added, and all portions of the mill containing machinery can be more uniformly and economically warmed by elevating the steam pipes, running them around the rooms about two feet from the walls and ceiling, the lines of pipe lying side by side in a horizontal plane.

TO EBONIZE WOOD.—To imitate black ebony, first wet the wood with a solution of logwood and copperas, boiled together, and laid on hot. For this purpose 2 ounces of logwood chips, with 1½ ounces of copperas, to a quart of water, will be required. When the work has become dry, wet the surface again with a mixture of vinegar and steel filings. This mixture may be make by dissolving two ounces of steel filings in one-half pint of vinegar. When the work has become dry again, sand-paper down until quite smooth. Then oil and fill it with powdered drop-black mixed in the filler. Work to be ebonized should be smooth and free from holes, etc, etc. The work may receive a light coat of quick-drying varnish, and then be rubbed with finely pulverized pumice stone and linseed oil until very smooth.

CANAL BOATS.—The idea of propelling canal boats by simple air has long been entertained, and various contrivances have been experimented with to this end. One of the most recent and notable constructions of this character is a boat measuring some sixty-two feet long and twenty feet wide, with a depth of three feet, and drawing seventeen inches of water. It is driven entirely by an air blower, this being operated by an eight-horse power engine. The air is forced down a central shaft to the bottom, where it is deflected, and being confined between keels, passes backward and upward, escaping at the stern through an orifice nineteen feet wide, so as to form a sort of air wedge between the boat and the surface of the water. The force with which the air strikes the water is what propels it, and the speed obtained is four miles an hour; the development of its full capabilities, however, requiring a thirty-five horse power engine. A great advantage in this arrangement is that of doing away with the heavy machinery of screws and side wheels.

Farm and Garden.

TREE TREES.—Look out for the bark lice to hatch out about now on young apple and pear trees. They are small, clad in yellow, and can hardly be seen with the naked eye. Any tree affected with lice should be well washed now with soft soap. There are other kinds of out-door trees and plants which are infested with bark lice; the rose, grape, peach and many kinds of ornamental trees are each inhabited by some particular species. The same remedy is recommended for all.

PLANTS.—A Frenchman is said to have discovered a method of preserving plants in a vigorous state without any earth. The process, which at present remains a secret, does not put a stop to the usual phenomena of plant-life; for the subjects experimented on—hellebores, daisies, auriculas, roses, &c.—blossom almost abnormally, and throw out new buds. If all this be true, the floral decorations of the future will be something to look forward to.

SHEEP.—The *National Live Stock Journal* sums up the reasons why every farmer should have a stock of sheep: A farm can be stocked with sheep for less money than with cattle, horses or hogs. Sheep come nearer to utilizing everything that grows on the farm than other animals. Less labor will be required for getting feed and stock together. The returns will come in sooner and oftener than with any other farm stock except hogs. Less money is required for shelter and fencing, and less labor is involved in herding, where outside pasture is accessible and preferred. And finally, a handsome income on the investment can be had without the sale of the animals themselves.

GRAFTS.—The best shoots for grafts are those of medium strength; they are generally better ripened than the largest ones, and weakly shoots have not stamina enough to form a healthy shoot. Old established trees, where moss grown, should now be dusted with freshly slacked lime worked well in among the twigs, as, in addition to its beneficial effect in cleaning the wood, it forms a valuable manure when washed off into the soil. See that all freshly planted trees are securely staked and the stems protected from chafing or being barked by sheep or game. A coating of birch or a surrounding of rabbit-proof netting makes a good protection and some ease the stems in rags sacking, and smear them with tar or other noxious compounds.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-SECOND YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, NOV. 4, 1882.

NOW IS THE TIME TO Raise Clubs for the Coming Year.

A GRAND OFFER!

A Copy of our Beautiful Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," to each subscriber, whether single or in clubs.

Presenting the Bride!

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As to THE POST, there are few in this country, or any other country, who are not familiar with it. Established in 1821, it is the oldest paper of its kind in America, and for more than half a century it has been recognized as the Leading Literary and Family Journal in the United States. For the coming year we have secured the best writers of this country and Europe, in Prose and Verse, Fact and Fiction.

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MARRIAGE.

Men and women, and especially young people, do not know that it takes years to marry completely two hearts, even of the most loving and well-sorted. But nature allows no sudden change. We slope very gradually from the cradle to the summit of life. Marriage is gradual—a fraction of us at a time. A happy wedlock is a long falling in love. Some young persons think love belongs only to brown hair and plump, round, crimson cheeks. So it does for its beginning, but the golden marriage is a part of love which the bridal day knows nothing of.

Youth is the tassel and silken flower of love, age is the full corn, ripe and solid in the ear. Beautiful is the morning of love with its prophetic, crimson, violet, purple and gold with its hopes of days that are to come. Beautiful also is the evening of love, with its glad remembrances, and its rainbow side turned toward heaven as well as earth. Young people marry their opposites in temper and general character, and such a marriage is generally a good one. They do it instinctively. The young man does not say, "My black eyes require to be wed to blue, and my over-vehemence requires to be a little modified with somewhat of fullness and reserve." When these opposites come together to be wed, they do not know it, but each thinks the other just like him or herself. Old people never marry their opposites; they marry their similars, and from calculation. Each of these two arrangements is very proper. In their long journey these opposites will fall out by the way a great many times, and both will charm the other back again, and by and by they will be agreed as to the place they will go to, and the road they will go by, and become reconciled. The man will be nobler and larger for being associated with so much humanity unlike himself, and she will be a nobler woman for having manhood beside her, that seeks to correct her deficiencies and supply her with what she lacks, if the diversity be not too great, and there be real piety and love in their hearts to begin with. The old bridegroom, having a much shorter journey to make, must associate himself with one like himself. A perfect and complete marriage is, perhaps, perfect personal beauty. Men and women are married fractionally—now a small fraction, then a large fraction. Very few are married totally, and they only, I think, after some forty or fifty years of gradual approach and experiment. Such a large and sweet fruit is a complete marriage that it needs a very long summer to ripen in, and then a long winter to mellow and season. But a real happy marriage of love and judgment between a man and woman is one of the things so very handsome that if the sun were, as the Greek poets fabled, a god, he might stop the world in order to feast his eyes with such a spectacle.

SANCTUM CHAT.

NATIVE merchants in Mexican cities complain that their Yankee competitors, who are becoming numerous, are disregarding the old custom of closing their stores between 11 o'clock and 3 o'clock every day in hot weather. The lazy Mexicans are compelled to lose either their siesta or considerable trade.

—

LOVELY little toques and turbans made of feathers are again imported. They are formed of the plumage of birds from every quarter of the globe. With these come graceful little mouchoir muffs made of feathers to match, and upon the outside is set an effigy of the bird of whose feathers the turban and muff are supposed to be made.

—

THE convention of the American Forestry Association, recently held in Montreal, has stimulated the people of the Dominion to organize for the protection of forests, to re-wood districts which have been stripped of trees, and to increase the cultivation of the most useful varieties. The Forestry Association of the Province of Quebec has been formed. Each member promises to plant twenty-five forest trees every year.

—

THERE is now sitting at Cardinal Manning's house at Westminster a council of the Roman Catholic prelates of England, assembled for the purpose of revising the calendar of Saxon saints, and re-arranging the national hagiology. It is, perhaps, a sign of tolerant times that several letters expressing sympathy with the object of the council have been received from clerical and lay members of several other religious denominations.

—

THE latest society formed for the benefit of the human race in London is called the "Servants' Sabbath Sweetheart Suppression Society." Cards were issued to convene a meeting of the above in the neighborhood of Bickley a few weeks since, but many housewives who responded only met to find that the whole thing was a hoax. What would not some ladies suppress?

—

GOVERNOR MARCY once said a good thing in regard to the possession of riches, which is worth remembering. "To be rich," he remarked, "requires only a satisfactory condition of mind. One man may be rich with $100, while another in the possession of millions may think himself poor, and if necessities of life are enjoyed by each it is evident that the man who is best satisfied with his possessions is the richest."

—

A CHINESE teacher in Hong Kong has finished a present which he intends for the British princes. It consists of a stanza of poetry, composed by the teacher himself, and contains thirty-three distinct and well-formed Chinese characters, written out, without any contractions, on one grain of unhulled rice. The grain of paddy is enclosed, under a magnifying glass, in a silver locket. Another Chinaman has inscribed sixty Chinese characters on a single sesamum seed.

—

A WHIMSICAL application of science in sportive mood is reported in the proceedings of a meeting of the Central School of France, at which was exhibited an instrument called a polyscope, which, by means of a reflector and incandescent wire, in a small glass tube, illuminated the interior of a living and swimming pike. This transparent fish did not appear to object to being thus turned into a sort of Chinese lantern, and he presented a very curious and interesting object for observation.

—

CONSIDERABLE curiosity has been excited in India by the announcement that a detachment of the Salvation Army has been sent thither, prepared to subjugate the country. The Army Song Book has been translated in preparation for an active campaign, and a tent to hold a thousand or more people has been advertised for in advance. Indian opinion is unfavorable to the religious aspect of the manœuvre. It is thought that the stirring melodies which in England attract so many recruits will find little favor in the ears of a people who are charmed with no music but their own.

—

AT the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. George Harris, at Mount Meridan, Va., the bride refused to say "yes" to the questions whether she would obey her husband. She said that she saw no reason in such a promise, and he concluded that no harm would be done by omitting it, since he intended to "make her mind anyhow." Two years elapsed, and a few days ago the unsettled question arose again. George ordered his wife to fry a chicken for dinner, and she insisted on roasting it. He brought in a horsewhip, and declared that he would flog her until she made up her mind to obey. She shot and killed him.

—

IT is impossible for any statistician to determine the total product of the gold and silver mines of the world from the earliest times until now. One of the best authorities has computed the total gold crop at $14,068,374,000, and the total silver at $11,314,000,000, down to 1879, or an aggregate of $25,383,374,000. But it has been well observed by the librarian of Congress in submitting this estimate: "Regarding this and other estimates of the aggregate amount of the precious metals of the world at any period, it is only candid to state that they cannot possibly rise above the domain of conjecture."

—

AN English gentleman is the originator of a popular new form of entertainment for parties of two or more persons riding in the cars or other vehicles, or walking. It is called "coaching whist," and is instructive to young people as well as interesting to the old and young as the means of passing time easily on long trips. When the party sit its members divide into sides. They observe and count all the living things they meet, and each has a value in a game of 250 points. For example—all four-footed animals, with the exceptions noted, count ten points each; chickens, and two-footed creatures, five each; a cat, 25; cat in a door, 50, and a pussy in a window, 250, or a game. Nothing in harness counts. An old lady carrying a folded umbrella counts 100, and a blind man led by a dog, 500, or two games.

—

BARTHOLDI'S colossus, "Liberty Enlightening the World," to be placed in New York Harbor, will weigh 150 tons. The height from head to foot will be about 110 feet, and from the top of the torch to the feet, 140 feet. It will take five years to finish, and will cost about $150,000. The mode of work is as follows: A skeleton of fine wicker-work was formed and covered with a thick coat of plaster moulded to the exact shape of the design. Six-inch plates of thin wood are adjusted to the molded plaster and given to the bronze-workers for models. The bronze plates are one-tenth of an inch thick and 4 feet 7½ inches square. They are to be riveted to an iron backing or skeleton by bolts that do not show outside. The plates of bronze are made to correspond exactly with the contours of the model.

—

IF what a Vienna paper gravely states is true, Ireland may potentially possess a gigantic fortune in her ability to raise innumerable potatoes. This paper says that the humble but indispensable tuber may be transformed into meerschaum pipes of the first quality, and likewise into any article now made of ivory, by subjection to the following treatment: Having been carefully peeled and suffered extraction of its "eyes," the potato is boiled steadily for thirty-six hours in a mixture of sulphuric acid and water, after which it must be squeezed in a press until every drop of natural or acquired moisture is extracted from it. The residuum of this simple process is declared suitable to the manufacture of ornamental pipe-heads as the finest clay, and unsurpassed as a material for brush and umbrella handles, billiard-balls, fans, and chessmen.

—

AT a certain manufactory in Fall River, where there are a number of young ladies employed, it was determined on their part to present their employer with an album and a large family Bible as a testimonial of their regard for him. The money was collected and the articles purchased. On the appointed afternoon the girls collected at the office of their employer, and in a neat speech presented him with their offering. The recipient accepted the gifts and thanked the givers in a few choice words. After conversing some time the overseer glanced at the clock and said: "Girls, I think you had better go back to your work now; you have lost three-quarters of an hour already." The girls were taken aback, and, feeling much disconcerted, went back to their work; but great was their surprise and chagrin when the next pay-day came around to find that the overseer had "docked" every one of them for the time lost in making the presentation.

—

AMONG the various plans now resorted to by English builders for rendering wooden flooring resistive to the action of fire, is that of constructing solid timber floors, composed of ordinary joists placed close to each other, and spiked or screwed at intervals with bolts; the latter are fixed alternately, and, to form a key for the plastering, angular grooves are cut under each joist, these grooves forming a series of dovetails. In a similar manner, stairs are formed by a series of joists screwed or spiked together. With regard to partitions, preference is given by many to the French plan of constructing them with quarterings, filled in with rough stone rubble, then lathed on each side with strong laths, and a coat of plaster applied and pressed through the vacuities from each side. In the construction of roofs, the laying of solid concrete flats on iron joists, or iron joists fixed to the inclination of the roof, and then filled in with concrete on the French system, covered with asphalt, is a method highly approved.

PROGRESS.

BY PHOEBE CAREY.

Does the earth contain one spirit,
Bowed despondent in the dust,
On the midnight of whose vision
Beams no star of hope and trust?

Let that soul but pause and ponder
On the works that Past has done,
And an earnest, bright and glorious,
For the Future shall be won.

For the soul must feel the stirring
Of its destiny sublime,
Who but rightly view the Present,
With its earnest heart and mind.

Toiling in the earthly vineyard
Many hands have found a place;
Some are nearing to the summit—
Some are at the mountain's base.

Progress is the stirring watchword
Cheers them upward, to the height:
Canst thou pause and play the laggard,
With its glories full in sight?

And while fair, and broad, and glorious,
In our vision we can see,
Still the Future brightly stretching
Into far infinity,

Who shall tell what bound or barrier
To improvement Heaven designed?
Who shall dare to fix the limits,
To the onward march of mind?

Only He, who into being
Called th' unfathomed human soul;
He for whom the hymn of Progress
Through eternity shall roll!

The New Cook.

BY FLORENCE MCERER.

"THERE is one thing you mustn't forget brother Tom!"

"What is that, Emma?"

"Don't forget to go to the registry office, and send me a cook.

"The new girl is good for nothing, and the old one can't do everything.

"Young or old, man or woman, I don't care, only send me up a competent cook by ten o'clock this morning."

"Don't look so desperate, sis; I'll remember it.

"I want things in pretty good style for Maxwell; he is used to it—is fond of good dinners; and I guess I'll send you up a good, smart cook."

"I hope Mr. Maxwell will not expect things too nice; but I'll do my best in other matters, Tom, if you'll only provide some one capable of serving a good dinner."

Mr. Thomas Maye disappeared with a reassuring nod.

He had a proverbially bad memory; pretty Emma Maye know it very well, yet in this desperate emergency she trusted him.

Dangerous, but what could she do?"

During the two years she had had charge of her widowed brother's family, they had been blessed by the most skilful of cooks; but Joan had taken a fancy to get married, and her place was hastily supplied by one who soon proved incapable.

Just at this juncture Mr. Maye received tidings that his deceased wife's favorite brother, Arthur Maxwell, just returned from abroad, would pay him a visit.

The Maxwell family were noted for their wealth and good breeding, and Arthur especially noted for his kindness and good temper.

From the first, Emma had been nervous over the responsibility of entertaining this elegant young man, whom she had never seen.

She was lovely and accomplished; but she couldn't cook—in fact, she had never tried.

Certainly, it seemed work enough for a young lady of twenty to superintend a family consisting of her brother and herself, two boys and their tutor, two little girls and their nursemaid, with two other servants.

But though arduous, it had been well performed.

The house was the perfection of neatness and taste, the children well trained, and Emma was much beloved in her brother's family.

The latter she had been devoted to in sickness and health, and he gratefully intended to make her tasks as light as possible.

But, as I have said, he had a proverbially bad memory, and unfortunately Emma had been obliged to trust to it.

It was half-past seven when Mr. Maye went to town.

He took nothing but a cup of coffee at seven, and lunched at his favorite restaurant at eleven.

At half-past three the Mayes dined, and Mr. Maxwell was expected by the three-ten train.

"There!" sighed Emma, when, two hours after her brother's departure, the house was in its usual exquisite order, and the viands and flowers sent up for dinner; "if Tom does not forget, and if he sends up a good cook, everything will be nice enough."

She did not dare think of the possibility of Tom's having forgotten, or that of the cook not coming for any other reason; but when, precisely at ten o'clock the door-bell rang, a secret weight was lifted from her heart.

She ran herself to answer the summons.

A medium-sized, well-dressed, modest-looking young man stood at the entrance, and she brightened at sight of him.

"I am very glad you are so punctual; I was afraid I should be disappointed," she said, leading the way to the kitchen without a minute's delay.

"Let me see—ten o'clock.

"I shall have to set you to work at once to prepare a first-class dinner.

"We are expecting company from London, my cook has left me, and I do not myself know anything about cooking.

"What is your name?" literally bereaving the young man of his hat, and hanging it as high out of reach as possible.

His reply was rather faint, but she thought she caught it.

"Mac?

"You do not look like an Irishman.

"But it does not make any difference.

"Are you a good cook?"

The smile of the young man was rather puzzling.

"I'll do my best," he said pleasantly.

"You see there's nothing in the house but cold chicken," continued Emma, unconsciously wringing her little hands as she continued to address the new cook, who certainly listened very attentively.

"But my brother has sent up some pigeons—to be roasted, I suppose."

"Yes'm."

"Can you make a celery salad?"

"I think I can."

"And Mayonnaise sauce for the cold chicken?"

"Yes'm."

"Can you make a French soup?"

"I can."

"Oh, well, I think you will do," beginning to look relieved.

"Be sure the vegetables are not overdone, and the coffee good—my brother is very particular about his coffee.

"And we will have a Florentine pudding?" she said.

"Yes'm."

The new cook was already girding himself with one of the white towels that lay on the dresser, and casting scrutinizing glances at the fire.

Quite reassured in spirit, Emma was turning away when she stopped to add—

"I will lay the table myself to-day, Mac, and fill the fruit dishes and vases, but if you give satisfaction, I will entrust you with the key of the china closet, and you will have the entire care of the table."

And with a gracious nod, the young lady retired from the kitchen.

She filled the fruit dishes with rosy pears, golden oranges and white grapes; filled the vases with roses, lilies and ferns; set clusters of dainty glasses, filled with amber jelly among the silver and china, and then, with a sigh of satisfaction at the result, ran away to dress.

"I'll not go near the kitchen to even smell the dinner.

"I don't know anything about cooking it, and will trust to luck.

"I have an idea that Mac is really capable—is going to prove a treasure.

"His dress was so neat, and he was so quiet and respectful," concluded Emma, leisurely arranging her hair.

Her new dress, with its abundant lace and cardinal ribbons was very becoming, and fitted the petite, round figure so perfectly that Emma felt at peace with all the world.

"I have heard that Mr. Arthur Maxwell is very fastidious in regard to ladies' dress," mused Emma, twisting her head over her shoulders to see the effect of her sash.

"I wonder what his first impression of me will be.

"I should like to have poor Ally's brother like me."

She looked at her watch—five minutes past three.

Then she went softly to the end of the hall, and listened to the lively clatter in the kitchen.

She could hear Mac chattering pleasantly with the little housemaid, and all seemed to be well in that direction.

At three-ten she repaired to the drawing-room, and took a seat overlooking the street.

Carriages came and carriages went, but none stopped at the entrance.

The little girls, brave in new ribbons, came down.

The boys and Mr. Vincent came down.

Mr. Maye's latchkey settled in the door, the dinner-bell rang.

"Not come?" asked Mr. Maye, at sight of Emma's disappointed face.

"No," she pouted; "and such a nice dinner!"

"Very strange!" mused that gentleman, leading the way into the dining-room.

"I hadn't the least doubt——

"Why, my dear fellow," seizing by the shoulder the new cook, who, acting also as butler, had just placed the soup-tureen upon the table—"my dear, dear fellow, how is this?

"Emma declared you hadn't come!"

That young lady grew as white as the table-cloth, and grasped a chair for support.

"That Mr. Arthur Maxwell? I thought it was the cook."

"I came earlier than I expected, and in time to make myself useful to Miss Emma," laughed Arthur Maxwell, divesting himself of his white towel, and bowing with exquisite grace to that young lady.

The cultivated accents, the ambrosial locks of the bent head the clear, eloquent eyes—oh, why hadn't she known?

How could she have fallen into such an error?

"I was so anxious—I didn't look at you twice.

"Mr. Maxwell, I hope you will forgive me!" stammered Emma, as red now as she had been pale.

"There is nothing to forgive, if my dinner turns out well," he added, laughing, evidently the sweetest-tempered man in the world.

"I learned to cook when I was a student in Paris—a Frenchman taught me.

"I have been rather proud of my culinary skill, but I am a little out of practice now, and am not quite sure of the Florentine."

"Emma!" cried Mr. Maye, "what does all this mean?"

"Why, Tom, you promised to send me up a man cook."

Mr. Maye clasped his hands tragically.

"Emma, I forgot it."

"Well, he came just at ten o'clock.

"I thought he was the cook; I ushered him into the kitchen, among the pots and pans.

"I questioned him as to what he knew about cooking.

"I urged him to make all haste and serve the dinner; and—and I called him an Irishman!" sobbed Emma hysterically.

"No offence, Miss Emma.

"My grandfather, on my mother's side—Major Trelawny—was an Irishman," observed Mr. Maxwell coolly.

"And, since I have done my best, won't you try the soup before it is cold?"

The others stared, and Emma cried; but Mr. Maye laughed uproariously.

"The best joke of the season! Sit down, everybody!

"Emma, you foolish girl, don't cry.

"Arthur doesn't care.

"And as for your Florentine, Arthur, tell Nanny to bring it in.

"The proof of the pudding is the eating, you know."

"Miss Emma won't cry when she tastes my soup," remarked Arthur, ladling it out promptly, with an air of pride.

And then they all fell to tasting, and praising, and urging Emma to taste and praise, until she laughed and cried all together.

But Mr. Arthur was so delighted, so winning and so witty, so kind to his agitated young hostess, and he'd cooked such an excellent dinner—from the pigeons to the pudding, everything was perfect.

By-and-by Emma was herself again.

"This has taught me a lesson," she said.

"I never will be so desperately situated again.

"I will learn to cook."

"Let me teach you," said Arthur.

He did.

And Emma taught him to love her.

There was a wedding by-and-by.

"The blessed result of my miserable memory!" Mr. Maye said.

Those French Letters.

BY IDA FLINN.

I HAD just returned home unexpectedly from a long sojourn in the West to find father and mother traveling in Europe for the benefit of my younger sister, whose health was delicate, and Nell, the twin and confidante of my youth, visiting friends in New York.

I found the old place exceedingly dull, but for awhile was content to wander about the grounds and groves that I had not seen for years.

They were very beautiful, having been laid out with all the taste and neatness which my father possessed and his money could procure.

But this soon grew very tiresome, the rod and line lost its fascination.

I began to lounge about the town and to frequent my friend Benton's rooms with a melancholy air and address which was far from entertaining to that gentleman.

"I'll tell you what, Dick," he said to me one morning as I sat dozing over the news, "I know a girl down in Raymond that is 'too exquisite' as Mab says.

"They never happened to meet, but there has been some talk of their corresponding in French for mutual improvement in that branch.

"Suppose you take it off o. Mab's hands; she would be infinitely obliged to you in heart.

"You need not let the lady know but it's Mab—I'll manage that if you will follow my advice.

"What do you say, old fellow?

"Taking the role of a proper young lady like Mab, in connection with a piece of chatty divinity like Edney May, ought to drive the sourness from your system.

"The newness of the thing will at any rate be highly interesting."

I will confess that I have a weakness for mischief, and I saw it plainly in Ned Benton's face.

But it did not look like a proper thing to do, to impose on a young lady in that manner.

He laughed at my sentiments, however, and asked me how long since I had adopted such principles.

I must say, very much to my own discredit, I was very easily persuaded.

So easily, that in half an hour after it was first proposed, I was on my way to hunt up the most delicately-tinted paper to be found in the town.

I passed the rest of the morning in brushing up my French, and trying to remodel my illegible scrawl to a more feminine appearance.

"But Ned," said I, looking up from the sheets spread before me, "suppose Mab should get her letters, and smell mice?"

"Mab's not at home now, but when she comes there'll be no danger, as I carry the mail to the house myself, and I can easily lay yours aside."

The last obstacle removed, I set to work with great care, and even went so far as to fish out the latest of Nell's letters from the depths of my pocket, and copy some of the silliest sentences, in my anxiety to be as feminine as possible.

When I had completed my task to my satisfaction, I read it aloud, but, though Ned seemed to appreciate it, he acted very much as though he was smothering a laugh, and it made me uneasy.

"Is it all right, Ned?" I asked, rather doubtfully.

"It's just immense, Dick.

"You must excuse me for laughing just now.

"I was thinking what a good scheme it was."

"Very clever of you, sir," said I laughing and searching for an envelope.

"Now it is ready to direct.

"Let me see, Miss Edney May Raymond, did you say?"

"Yes, Miss Edney May Raymond.

"But, Dick, I would not write it Miss Edney; Mab would not, and you want to copy her as nearly as possible you know."

So Edney May's letter went out into the world to seek its owner, and I waited to see what tidings it would bring back to me, with very much the same feelings my forefather Noah must have experienced as he waited the return of the dove sent from the ark, out upon the world of water.

A week or ten days later, I sauntered into Ned's den, and found my answer waiting me, whiter and sweeter by far than my own.

It was such a nice little letter, in which she informed me in rather indifferent French that she had been intending so long to write—I thanked fortune that she had it written, and mentally shook hands with myself for my good luck.

I read it to Ned, after I had stumbled through it myself, who listened with almost breathless interest to the end.

"And is it signed Edney May?" he asked, leaning over the table to see for himself.

"Yours most truly, Edney May."

But I saw nothing in that to cause him to twist his moustache so hard and look so serenely out of the window; though I was too much occupied just then to take much notice of him.

"A remarkable fine letter," I said folding it carefully.

"A nice girl no doubt."

Again that vigorous twist and innocent smile; but they were altogether lost on me; if he wanted to prosecute his moustache in that way it was none of my business.

This was the beginning of a delightful correspondence, the letters coming nearer and nearer together until about all my time and interest was put in them.

"I found myself now quite willing to stay at home, in fact, I greatly preferred laying in my yacht or hammock to lounging about Ned's rooms as before, for that smile had become chronic.

What had possession of him I could not try to fathom, but his company was anything but agreeable.

As sure as I stopped in for a visit, he would get on an absent-minded streak, and sit twisting his moustache and smiling at vacancy, especially so, on the days that I received letters from Miss May, and as I objected to that sort of thing personally, my visits were few and far between.

But in spite of his smile which had become so hateful to me, our correspondence progressed rapidly, and it was not long before Miss May sent me her photograph.

Of course I had to repay it, and if ever I felt like a thief, it was when I took Mab's picture from Nell's album, and bundled it off to her.

I knew my sister would miss it, so I begged one of Ned afterward.

I had felt no remorse for the deception I was playing until that photograph came and I found myself looking into eyes so wonderfully sweet, so charming in their smiling depths.

"I knew they were blue."

I whispered—

"Edney, my blue-eyed queen," and I slyly pressed my lips to her pretty, pouting one's, and then looked about me guiltily to see if any one had witnessed my foolishness.

What would she think when she found what a bear I was in place of the amiable Mab she believed me to be, and what could I say if ever I found myself before her and saw in those blue eyes a flashing, scornful judge?

To tell the truth I was very much in love with Miss May, though I would not have told Ned for the world; but I had completely lost my heart to the writer of those charming letters, and I began to ask myself how I would like some fellow to impose on my sister as I had on her.

When I came to that stage I was on unlevel ground, as Nell was the sunlight of my existence; so the consequence was, I put on my hat one rainy day and started for Raymond.

I arrived just at dusk, and without giving myself time to think, I entered a hack.

It was a very tall, forbidding looking house I found myself before when I was put down, but I rushed up the steps and rang the bell as though my life depended on my getting in.

I handed my card to the footman after writing Edney May across the top, and took a seat in the cosy parlor to wait that lady's pleasure; but it was not long before the door opened, and I arose to meet—not my blue-eyed darling — but Lieutenant May whom I had met abroad.

"So kind of you," he said, grasping my hand.

"It was thoughtless in me not to give you my address when I left you at Liverpool.

"I understand your family is traveling in Europe.

"Must have been dry at the Hall for you."

I hardly heard what he said, for my mind was in a perfect whirl.

I certainly had asked for Edney, not Mr. May, whose very existence I had forgotten, but I saw at once it was her brother, and as she did not seem forthcoming, I decided to make my confession to him, and perhaps it would be better after all.

"It would indeed have been lonesome had it not been for your sister," I stammered.

"The fact is, May, I came here to see her.

"You see that Ned Benton—you know him—got me in an end of a scrape.

"Well, the business of it is, he got me to write French to her and pretend it was Mab."

I made this confession in a very malegant manner, but though I was prepared for almost anything, I was not up to the expressions that chased themselves over his face as I told my story.

He left his seat by the fire and stood before me, very much as though he intended to take me by the collar and lead me out.

"So you pretended to be Mab, did you?

"And what did my sister do, Dick, did she answer you?"

"Yes she did.

"I am heartily ashamed of my conduct, and I came to tell her the exact truth, and ——"

But I got no further, for the smile that had been lurking about the corners of his mouth broke into a very loud laugh, which lasted so long and grew so in volume, that I began to have fears for the man's reason.

"What fools we mortals be," he cried, as soon as he could get breath.

"Here you are pining away with remorse because you have been a bad boy, and myself ditto, while that Benton has been enjoying himself immensely at our expense."

"I don't understand you," I said, rising and looking at him haughtily.

"Of course you don't," and he pushed me back into the chair.

"Of course you don't, but I'm trying to make you.

"You see, you thought it was my sister you were deceiving, and behold not she at all, but myself."

"And I spent hour's over letters intended for Miss Benton's perusal, and now find I have been wasting my sentimentality and nonsense on you."

He went into another fit of laughter quite as bad as the first, while I stood dazed and uncertain whether I was awake or dreaming.

"But Ned said her name was Edney," I managed to say when I could make myself heard.

"Ned told a squib.

"My name is Edney, and my sister's is Kate, and she has not been in the house since June, as she and mother are in the White Mountains, and Benton knew it.

I felt angry and ashamed, but could not help joining May in the laugh that once more got the better of him.

I could understand that smile now which had made Ned so disagreeable all summer.

"We have been most wretchedly duped by that scoundrel, but we will make the best of it and say nothing," I said when we were comfortably settled in the library.

"To tell the truth, I was very near in love with you May.

"What sweet little letters you did write, I am sure your sister would not have been ashamed of them."

"Dick, I should certainly have been to Chester by next week any way to lay the case and my heart at Mab Benton's feet. I think it would be advisable for us to shake hands that our mutual deception ended in the way it did."

It was the next summer that Ned and I met May and his sister, by accident of course, and a few months later when Ned had occasion to congratulate us on our approaching marriage, he muttered something about French letters which Kate could never understand.

Two Mrs. Hatherlys.

BY P. C. HERRETTA.

WE were dreadfully poor that winter. My work from the shop was slack, and the prices of fuel and provisions were going up at a rate that was frightful to people possessed of scanty means.

I felt myself growing sour and commonplace every day.

My old black cashmere was beginning to look positively shabby.

I had trimmed my hat for the third season.

As for my boots, I could not bear to put them on for fear of wearing them out.

I made some such remark to mother; whereupon she suggested if I were tempted to parade Main Street in my stockings, I might at least take my boots in my hand in order to let the world know that I owned a pair.

Mother and I were always good company for each other.

In those days we laughed and made more jokes than common in the desperate attempt to crowd off some of the anxiety which weighed heavily on both our hearts.

Three years before everything had seemed so pleasant and hopeful.

I had plenty of work, for which I received a remuneration sufficient to cover our modest expenses.

And then Philip Hatherly was at home.

Philip with his handsome face, broad shoulders, and generous heart.

Somehow after I became acquainted with him everything seemed brighter and easier.

He had such a manly and masterful way of grappling real or imaginary difficulties that it gave one courage just to see him.

No, we were not lovers then; at least Philip had never said in so many words—

"I love you.

"Will you marry me?"

It had come to be so natural to look for him of an evening—for he always came in—or for him to act as my escort when I went out anywhere, that I did not realize how dear he was to me until he went away.

You see, Philip was one of the firm of Hatherly, Winston & Co., bankers on Broad Street.

Old Mr. Hatherly was a widower, very stately and very aristocratic, and I always thought he sent Philip to Australia on purpose to get him away from me.

There was some business complication out there which needed the personal attendance of one of the firm, and Philip was posted off in a great hurry.

He had only time to pack his valise, and run in and bid me good-bye.

He looked very solemn, and drew me out into the entry when he went.

As for myself I couldn't help the tears in my eyes, although I did try my best to smile.

"Good-bye, dear Minnie," he said, looking at me wistfully; "I never expected to go away from you in such a hurry.

"There is something I would say to you, but have no time.

"Heaven bless the man who first invented the postal system—I will write."

And then like one in a dream I felt myself drawn nearer, and Philip bent down and kissed me for the first time in our acquaintance.

The next moment he was gone, and I was sitting on the back stairs, crying disconsolately.

But I had the promised letter to look forward to, and I used to wonder, with a little thrill of rapture, how it would be written—into what words he would put the love which I was sure he felt for me.

Well, the days, weeks, and months went by, and no letter came.

I thought at first that he might be sick or dead; and I used to make it in my way up from the ferry to pass the big banking-house on Broad Street, hoping to get a glimpse of old Mr. Hatherly, thinking to judge from his appearance whether any ill had befallen Philip.

But although I often saw him passing up the granite steps, his face always wore the same stately and complacent expression, and I dared not inquire for the one of whom my heart was full.

One day, when Philip had been absent about a year, I saw Mr. Hatherly in the street, talking with another man.

As I passed them I heard the gentleman say—

"And how is Philip? Still in Australia?"

I slackened my swift pace in order to catch the answer.

It came in Mr. Hatherly's slow and precise tones—

Philip was quite well and still in Australia.

He would not return for the present.

Then all the hope went out of me.

Philip was alive and well, and had not written.

I had made a horrible mistake.

He did not love me after all.

I felt hot with mortification when I recalled that hasty kiss in the entry.

Why did I permit it?

How lightly he must have esteemed me to venture on such a familiarity!

Mother tried to comfort me, but in vain.

That night my pillow was wet with bitter tears; but in the morning I arose and began my day's work with the firm determination to live down that miserable feeling of pain and despair.

Some wretched days followed—days of weariness and heart-ache that there was no help for; but after a while some of my old courage came back to me.

After all mother and I got a good deal of comfort out of life.

She was the only sweetheart left to me; and when we had an extra dollar to spend for any little luxury we were quite jolly.

But the winter which I mentioned at the opening of my story, our prospects were anything but encouraging.

Mother's health was not very good, and although I tried and tried to obtain more remunerative employment, my efforts were fruitless.

One day coming in from a disheartening search for work, I found mother in the middle of the floor, looking disconsolately at the stove.

The long pipe which ran up and entered the chimney near the ceiling had tumbled down, and lay amid a sprinkling of soot upon the floor.

Mother's hands were quite black, and her face wore a look of desperation comical to behold.

Despite my weariness and anxiety I sat down on the lounge, and laughed and laughed, until mother was half-provoked with me.

"It's no laughing matter, Minnie.

"The pipe is down, and a stove man will charge a dollar to reset it; and we haven't but ninety-six cents in the house."

That sobered me.

"Mamma," said I, throwing down my hat upon the table, and drawing off my cloak with an air of resolution, "I will set that stove."

"You?" said mother, laughing a little; "your father never could set a stove, and I don't believe you can."

"I will, or die in the attempt!" I exclaimed.

Accordingly I doffed my dress for an old wrapper, tied up my head in a red cotton handkerchief, and with my hands covered with a pair of mother's old gloves, I went to work.

I pushed the table close to the chimney, and placed a footstool upon the table, and clambered to the top.

Mother steadied the pipe while I endeavored to put it where it belonged.

I was in a state of grim determination.

Mother was convulsed with laughter because of the smudges of soot across my face, and the red turban which bound up my dark locks, and which she declared made me look like a chimney-sweep.

Just at that moment the door bell rung.

"You'll have to go, Minnie," said mother, "because if I let go this pipe it will come down again."

"It is only an agent for something or other," said I crossly, bending from my elevation to peer out of the window at a man who stood upon the steps, his long beard white with the swiftly driven snow, and a small valise in his hand.

"If he knew that our sole capital consisted of ninety-six cents, I don't think he would ring again," I added as a second impatient appeal rang through the hall.

Then I took a flying leap to the door, and went to answer the summons.

"We don't want anything," I said shortly, before the man could speak.

"We have no money to spend, and we are very much engaged."

"To whom are you engaged, Minnie?" queried a familiar voice shaken with suppressed laughter.

Then he pulled off the soft felt hat which had shaded his eyes, and stepped into the hall, closing the door after him, and I knew, in spite of the magnificent beard which had so altered him, that Philip Hatherly stood before me.

I could not articulate a syllable.

Philip drew me into the sitting-room, and went up to mother.

"Mamma," he said, "do you know me?"

Down came the stove-pipe with a crash, and both of mother's smutty hands went into Philip's; while with a tender and respectful gesture, he bent and touched her forehead with his lips.

The next minute he picked me up in his arms and was kissing me and laughing at me, while I sobbed hysterically upon his shoulder.

"Why didn't you answer my letter Minnie?" he queried at length.

"I did not get any letter," I replied, lifting my head to look at him.

He burst into a little irrepressible laugh, and mother exclaimed—

"Oh Minnie, you look ridiculous!

"How can you bear to touch her Philip?"

Philip led me to the looking-glass.

My red turban was pushed askew, and my happy tears mingling with the soot had streaked my face like an Indian warrior's.

Philip took out his handkerchief, and began gravely to wipe my dirty cheeks, while he explained that, not hearing from me, he had written to his father.

The old gentleman had sent back a curt note to the effect that he didn't know anything about me, and that Philip had better make up his mind to look elsewhere for a wife.

Philip rightly guessed that his letters to me had miscarried, and his first thought on arriving home was to call at the old place.

What a happy day was that!

Philip pulled off his overcoat, and in fifteen minutes that stove was properly set and a brisk fire burning away cheerily within, while my hero washed his hands at the kitchen sink, and laughingly advised a free use of soap and water in my own case.

Yes, we were married in the following week, and went to housekeeping in the city.

Old Mr. Hatherly was terribly angry at first, but Philip finally persuaded him to take tea with us one night.

And mother so delighted him with her quiet pleasant lady-like manner, that three months later he made her an offer of marriage, and, reader, to-morrow there will be another Mrs. Hatherly.

THE COMMON MUSHROOM.—Professor Pontick, of Breslau, has lately made experiments on the common mushroom, of which the following are the practical results: all common mushrooms are poisonous, but cooking deprives them in a greater or lesser degree of their poisonous qualities. The repeated washing with cold water which they usually undergo to clean them takes away a portion of the poison, and boiling does the rest: but the water in which they have been boiled is highly poisonous, and should always be carefully got rid of. Experiments made on dogs showed that if a dog ate 2 per cent of its own weight of raw mushrooms it fell sick, but recovered: if it ate 1½ per cent the poison had a more violent but not fatal effect; and if it ate 2 per cent it was inevitably fatal.

A SMALL boy declined to eat soup at dinner the other day, saying he "hadn't any teeth that were little enough for soup."

MOSLEM CEREMONIES.

THE life of a good Moslem seems all interwoven with forms and ceremonies, and the law of the Koran or some such sacred words seems forever on his lips, mixing most freely with all secular matters.

No action, however trivial, may be commenced without commending it to Allah.

A Mohammedan will not even light a lamp without blessing the name of the Prophet.

Even the cries of the street hawkers bring in frequent allusions to a spiritual market, as when the poor water-carrier offers a cup of cool, refreshing drink to all passers-by, crying aloud, "Oh! may God reward me!"

Whatever the matter in hand, one of the company will certainly utter some such reminder as "Semmoo," and his friends will reply "Bismillah," meaning, in the name of God.

In truth, the fatalism of which we hear so much seems little else than a strong faith; a power of living calmly as in the presence of God, just as the strongest practical characteristic of a poor Hindoo's faith seems to be a simple submission to the will of the Almighty, under whatever name he may recognize him.

So faith or fatalism seems well-nigh to merge, and our own Scotch expression of "It was been to be" seems tolerably akin to the "Kismet" of the East.

We remember an old housemaid being sorely perturbed at having knocked over and smashed a valuable china vase; but a few minutes later she recovered her equanimity and exclaimed, "Weel, weel! it had been lang i' the family, and it was been to be broke!" so laying this flattering unction to her soul, she went calmly on with her dusting.

Lane, speaking of this continual allusion to the providence of God, mentions that no Moslem will speak of any future event or action without adding, "if it be the will of God."

He tells too of a mode of entertaining a party of guests in Cairo by the recital of a khatmeh, which means the whole of the Koran chanted by men hired for the occasion.

Just imagine inviting a party in Philadelphia to hear the whole Bible chanted as pastime, with an accompaniment of pipes and coffee.

Mr. Lane also speaks of the reverence with which the Holy Book is treated—always placed on some high, clean place, where no other book or anything else may be laid above it.

He attributes the Mohammedans' dislike to printing their sacred books to the dread lest impurity should attach to the ink, the paper, or, above all, lest the ink should be applied to the hair, paper, with a brush made of hog's bristles. Worse than all, the book, becoming thus common, is in double danger of being touched by infidels. This dread of dishonoring sacred names extends even to the 99 titles of the Prophet and the names of those near of kin to him. Thus one man will refuse to stamp his name upon his pipe-bowls because it bears one of the names of the Prophet, which will thus be made to pass through the fire. Another man, less scrupulous, is blamed because he has branded his name, on certain camels and horses. The sin thus committed is threefold: First, the iron brand is put in the fire, which is horrible sacrilege; secondly, it is applied to the neck of the camel causing blood to flow and pollute the sacred name; thirdly, the camel is certain some day, in lying down, to rest his neck on something unclean. This dread of casting holy things into the fire does not, however, seem to apply to such as can be consumed. A Mohammedan, finding a fragment of paper covered with writing, will burn it, so that if holy words should be thereon inscribed, the flames may bear them up and the angels carry them to heaven.

THE BED IN JAPAN.—Going to bed in Japan is rather an indefinite expression for any one accustomed to sleeping between sheets and blankets and upon snowy pillows. In fact, you do not "go" to bed at all but the bed, such as it is, simply comes to you; and the style for preparing for the first night is about the same wherever you are. First a cotton stuffed mat is laid anywhere on the floor, and a cotton stuffed-quilt is thrown over you. This quilt is like a Japanese dress on a large scale, with large and heavily stuffed sleeves, which flap over like wings. But the difficulty is that these capacious sleeves, with all the rest of the bedding, contains innumerable legions of voracious fleas hid away in recesses known only to themselves, but which only wait till you get fairly nestled in sleep, when they begin their onslaught on their defenceless and helpless victim. Awakened by the merciless havoc they are making upon you, it is in vain that you roll and toss and shake your clothes till you are wearied out, but that only increases the vigor with which they renew the battle, and though you may spend hours in the faint glare of a primitive oil lantern, which is set in one corner of the room, and strive to rid yourself of the tiny tigers that are devouring you, it is all to no purpose, and you sink down at last asleep. But you are soon awakened again, only to undergo the same tribulation, and the long hours of night pass away as you pace up and down the narrow limits of the room listening to the snoring of the dozen or more of the tough-hided sleepers who surround you, and peep through the gliding shutters of the house to see if the day is breaking or not. You cannot lie down again, for the floor is crawling with the creatures you dread, and you cannot sit down for there is nothing to sit upon and such a thing as a chair was never heard of in that region.

The Poor Tailor.

BY ERNEST L. SMITH.

I'M a happy fellow—a very happy fellow!" exclaimed Karl Wynck, a poor tailor, who dwelt in one of the old-fashioned, narrow streets of Amsterdam.

"The money I shall receive from the Burgomaster Harmon for making this cloak shall be placed along with that I have already laid up, and, if fortune does not jilt me, I'll wed my little Elizabeth before I am six months older."

So saying, he rubbed his hands together with much satisfaction, and drawing his legs still closer under him, resumed his needle, singing merrily as he worked.

But fate interferes with the humble as well as the exalted; and the cup of felicity is as often dashed from the lips of tailors as from those of more dignified professions; and Karl had some experience of the truth of this notion.

His song, which in the fulness of his heart he was caught caroling at the top of his voice, was suddenly hushed, for a handsomely-dressed cavalier dashing violently into the house, seized an old sword which hung over the fire-place, and disappeared as quickly as he had entered.

"This is strange!" muttered Karl, "my visitor does not look like a thief."

So he flung aside his work, jumped from the board, and running to the door, beheld at a short distance two gentlemen engaged in fierce strife.

One of the combatants almost instantly fell dead, while the victor, casting away his weapon, fled precipitately up the streets.

Karl paid little attention to the fugitive, but flew to the assistance of the fallen cavalier, whose hand still grasped his rapier; he had been thrust through the heart, with the sword which had remained for many years a harmless occupant of the nail over the poor tailor's fireplace, but now lay near the corpse of the cavalier stained with gore—the sight for a moment deprived Karl of speech and motion.

His horror increased as he heard several voices in the crowd, which had been drawn to the spot, denounce him as the assassin. Karl gave himself up for a lost man.

He attempted to explain the matter, but he did it in such a confused manner, and trembled so violently that many of the bystanders, who knew him to be a peaceable and inoffensive young man, now considered him guilty; in short, he was immediately hurried off to prison as a murderer.

Here he was left to feel the horrors of his miserable situation; he paced his dungeon with a throbbing heart and racking brain, and thought on his blighted hopes and his sweetheart, who he felt persuaded would cross his very name from her remembrance.

He had, however, the melancholy satisfaction to find that this was not the case; Elizabeth was soon at the prison, where, in the arms of her lover, she endeavored to whisper the comfort she herself so much needed.

But the "gentle reader," as in all such cases, is requested to imagine the grief of a young couple under such heavy affliction.

The stranger who had been killed was not known to any of the town's-people.

He had that day arrived at Amsterdam, and from his appearance was judged to be a gentleman.

Karl was put upon his trial, and the evidence against him being deemed conclusive he was condemned to die.

In vain did he urge his innocence; in vain did he repeat his story of the combat between the two cavaliers, and how the slayer had procured the weapon with which he had destroyed his antagonist; and equally vain were the numerous testimonials of good conduct and sobriety which his neighbors tendered in his favor.

Poor Karl was condemned to die; and, though pitied by many, was thought deserving the fate to which he had doomed another.

The day of execution arrived, Karl took leave of his dear Elizabeth with a bursting heart; but he resolved to meet death like a man, and walked with a firm step to the place of death.

Ascending the scaffold, he looked with a hurried glance upon the vast crowd which had assembled to see him die.

A body of the town-guard, surrounded the scaffold to keep off the throng which completely filled the square, while every window and house-top was occupied by the burghers and their families.

The melancholy sound of the death-bell mingled with the murmur of the immense crowd, from which Karl endeavored to avert his face, but, as he did so, his eyes rested on the stern and grim features of the executioner, whose brawny arms, bared to the elbows, reposed on his huge two-handed sword, which, already unsheathed, gleamed brightly in the morning's sun.

"Alas!" thought Karl, "what preparation for the death of a poor tailor!"

One, unobserved, dressed like a clergyman, ascended the scaffold and knelt by his side.

"Karl Wynck," he whispered, "I can save thee."

"How?" murmured the tailor.

"Acknowledge thyself mine, and I will transport thee in an instant, to some far distant country."

Karl started on his feet so suddenly, that the guards grasped their halberts, supposing he meditated an escape, but he had no such intention.

"Avaunt, fiend!" he cried, shuddering violently, "remember the reproof which our blessed Lord gave thee of old; Sathanas, avaunt!"

The headman's assistant here advanced, and bade Karl prepare himself.

The sufferer observed that he was ready, and begged that the false priest might be dismissed; but when they turned to bid him begone, he was nowhere to be seen.

Karl knelt again to receive the fatal blow; the headsman approached and raised his huge sword, but suddenly withheld the blow, for a thousand voices bade him desist, and a horseman was seen to urge his foaming steed through the dense crowd.

"Hold! hold!" cried the newcomer, "for heaven's sake forbear—stay the execution.

"I am the slayer, and that poor man is innocent of murder!"

It was, indeed, the cavalier who had possessed himself of Karl's sword; and the poor youth, overcome by this unexpected resolve, fell senseless into the arms of the executioner.

"Sir," said the cavalier, surrendering himself to the officer of the town-guard, "the crime is mine, if crime it be to destroy one of the most barefaced villains that ever scourged society.

"I am a gentleman of Leghorn, my name is Bernardo Strozzi; the man I slew was of good family, but he robbed me of all I valued in this world, and I resolved to seek him wherever he fled.

"Chance led me to this city, and walking out without my sword, I met my foe in the street.

"He would have avoided me, but I resolved to possess myself of even a knife, so that I might destroy him.

"I luckily seized a sword in the house of this poor man; vengeance nerved my arm, and he fell, almost as soon as our weapons had crossed.

"The combat was fair and equal.

"I left Amsterdam immediately; and, at the next town, learned that another had been condemned for the slayer.

"The saints be praised that my goodsteed bare me here in time!"

Crowds pressed around Karl to congratulate him upon his escape from death, while the cavalier placed in his hands a purse well filled with gold.

"Friend," said he, "take this and be happy.

"I regret the misery you have suffered, but this may make you some amends."

Our tale is ended; but as some may need a postscript, we add for their especial information, that Karl, with such an acquisition of wealth, forgot the suffering he had endured, and was the happiest man in Holland.

He married his dear Elizabeth, by whom he had many children, became rich, and died at an advanced age.

The house in which he lived, was formerly shown to the curious, and there was an inscription over the door, recording in a few brief lines the history we have endeavored to give in detail; but modern improvements have crept even into Holland, and the dwelling of honest Karl Wynck is no longer shown to the inquisitive traveler.

The Lance-head.

BY T. CAMPBELL.

SEVERAL years ago I was staying with a friend in the glorious island of St. Lucia, in the West Indies, a little way up country, where he had a large sugar plantation.

My visit had drawn so near its termination that the day of which I write was my last but one there, as I in less than forty-eight hours I was to sail for Barbadoes in a schooner already lying alongside the wharf at Castries far below, and there take the mail-steamer to England.

Short as my stay had been, I had met with great kindness and hospitality from the surrounding planters and their families, some of whom had that afternoon sent me some delicious presents to take home in the shape of guava paste and jelly, pine jam, preserved limes, salmagundi, hot pepper, and other bottled products of the island, which were massed together in an imposing array on a table in the verandah, ready for packing.

And I was lying almost at full length in a bamboo chair with a leg-rest, devoting myself by turns to sangaree, a palm-leaf fan, and a long St. Lucian "rat-tail" cigar, wishing that the sun would hurry through his last hour in the sky, so that darkness might bring some relief to the sweltering heat, and lazily contemplating another bottled product of the island which also stood on the table beside me.

This was a live "fer-de-lance," or lance-head, one of the deadliest serpents in the world, with which St. Lucia is infested.

I had been very desirous to obtain a living specimen, and several friends had endeavored to get me one; but such is the dread of the negroes of this snake that they could not be persuaded to attempt its capture without killing it, though they brought in any amount of "kouesses" and "oribos," which are harmless.

That very afternoon, however, a gentleman personally unknown to me had kindly sent this one down to me from the neighborhood of Soufrière, on the other side of the island, uninjured, and secured in a tightly stoppered glass jar.

The carpenter was set to work at once to make a suitable glazed box for its reception by the following day; and though the poor reptile's crystal house of detention was none too commodious—for it was a good-sized specimen, over three feet in length—I decided to let it remain where it was for the night, in preference to running the risk of shifting it from box to box, merely replacing the glass stopper with a piece of perforated zinc.

Ugly enough the creature looked, and well calculated to inspire terror by its very appearance, as it lay sluggishly coiled within the vase which it almost filled, with its thick, flat, triangular head, dull dead eyes, pyramidal body, covered with pointed scales, and claw-tipped tail, which occasionally squeaked against the glass as it slowly shifted its convolutions.

The bite of this snake is said to cause death in fifteen minutes.

Pondering upon the mysterious provision of Nature, which assigns such fearful potency to a worm and renders it more to be dreaded than a tiger, I gently succumbed to the combined influences of this elevated train of thought, the heat, the rat-tail, and the sangaree, and fell asleep.

How long I slept I do not know—possibly not more than half an hour, for there is no twilight in those latitudes; but it was pitch dark and the fire-flies were glittering in the air, when I was roused by a tremendous crash close to my chair—a crash as of glass.

Good Heavens! the fer-de-lance!

It must have forced off the zinc or capsized the jar by its movements, and have rolled off the table, and was within a few inches of me!

Never heeding that my loose grass-slippers had fallen off, as the appalling nature of the situation whirled itself across my scared brain, I sprang up with the intention of rushing into the house; but before my stockinged foot could reach the ground I felt a slight blow on the heel, followed by an agonizing, burning, stinging pain.

Drawing my foot back again, I huddled myself up on the chair, and made a desperate effort to get my heel up to my mouth that I might suck the wound—always the first thing to be done in the case of snake-bite, where possible.

But though I had been an adept at the art of "kissing my toe" and other youthful gymnastics when a boy, the most violent straining would not now serve to wrench my less pliant limbs into the required posture.

I therefore immediately abandoned the attempt—every second is of vital importance in such an accident—and madly tore my neck-tie off, twisting it round and round my ankle with such violence that the foot throbbed as though it would burst.

Then I pinched and lacerated the puncture with my finger-nails, for I had no knife; the agony was terrible, but I was glad to feel it bleed freely.

All this time I was shouting loudly for help, for the possibility of the serpent climbing up on the chair and inflicting another bite never left my mind for a moment.

I say "all this time," but I do not suppose that the events occupied many seconds, though to me they seemed like hours.

Lights soon glimmered at the end of the verandah, and a swarm of black faces with dilated eyes were dimly visible behind them.

"Quick!" I yelled.

"I'm bitten!

"The fer-de-lance is out!

"Get a knife—get aguadiente——"

If I had exorcised them by one of the fetish incantations in which they so devoutly believed, I could not have caused their disappearance with more magical rapidity than by telling them that the snake was adrift.

There was a united shriek, and they were gone.

I screamed at them that I was dying, tearing my linen jacket into adhesive fragments the while in a frenzied endeavor to make strips for ligatures.

Just then I heard footsteps running up the path which led from the cane-pieces to the house, and presently my host dashed round the corner of the verandah with a lamp in his hand, and his gun poised club-wise.

He had heard the commotion on his way home from below, and meeting some of the frightened servants he had learned the cause.

So he came rushing up, snatching a light from one and the gun from another on his way, cursing them for black cowardly brutes, and giving fifty directions to them to bring various things as he came swiftly on.

Running up to me, he rapidly scanned the floor, with the butt-end of his gun uplifted in readiness to dispatch the serpent——

Bah! there it was, in its jar on the table, as safe as ever, now flickering out its black forked tongue in excitement at the advent of the light.

But what happened to me then?

The pain in my foot was no freak of imagination, and the chair was dabbled with blood.

On the boards by my side lay a large broken glass bottle, and its contents of pickles—were strewn all around.

It had, I remembered, been standing near the edge of the table, and had been thrown down, perhaps by a marauding rat, or perhaps by a pet kitten, attracted by the movements of the snake—possibly, even, by the swoop of a bat.

There it was, at any rate, and it was the sharp jagged edge of this, sticking up, which had wounded my foot, giving the impression of a strong lever by rolling sideways as I struck it, while the [illegible] was quite sufficient to account for the pain.

The discovery was a relief, of course, but my feelings were not much to be envied when I reflected on all the needless misery I had caused, especially when the negroes, reassured by the presence of their master, came running round with caustic, white rum, ammonia, and other remedies, always kept at hand, and all the work-people from the valley below arrived in a large crowd.

Furthermore, my heel was still intensely painful.

Warm poultices and soothing fomentations allayed the smarting, but several splinters of glass, causing great inflammation, had to be extracted subsequently; it was not until some weeks after I returned home that I was able to wear a boot again.

A PRETTY CUSTOM.—A correspondent writes: The Mexicans of the wealthy or well-to-do classes have a custom in married life which seems to me a pretty one. Husband and wife have entirely separate apartments, and neither is expected to enter the apartments of the other except on invitation. When the husband desires the company of his lady in his apartment he writes a note of invitation in terms of the most formal and lofty politeness, incloses it in a perfumed envelope, seals it and sends it to her on a silver tray in the hands of a servant. The lady acknowledges the invitation in the same way, and if she accepts, which she is probably most likely to do, she appears at the door of his apartments at the appointed hour, in bridal costume, escorted by one or more of her ladies in waiting. These then retire. The husband receives her at the door, leads her to a little table, where he treats her to chocolate or tea, cakes, fruit, etc. In the midst of his apartments he has a room, furnished in the most exquisite way he is capable of, which he holds sacred to his lady, and never occupies unless she is present. This room is his pride. He spares no expense to make it as unique and charming as possible. When the gentleman has received his lady in his apartments it is not proper to leave until they have breakfasted, which does not usually occur until 9 o'clock. After the lapse of some days—I do not know how many—etiquette requires that the lady shall return the husband's compliment by a similar invitation, nicely sealed in a perfumed envelope on a silver tray. He acknowledges the invitation with many thanks and if he accepts, which it is presumed he is quite sure to do, he first indulges in the bath, prigs himself up in his best array, patronizes his perfume bottles and his pomades and at the appointed hour appears promptly at the door of his lady's apartments. She is there to receive him, dressed like a queen, wearing orange blossoms in her hair and on her bosom. She conducts him to a little table, where he is offered wine and cake or chocolate and cake and fruit. After this pleasant repast she regales him with song and music on the guitar. She also has in the midst of her apartments a room which she holds sacred to her husband and which she never occupies unless he is present. It may be supposed that this room is her pride above all things, and to adorn and watch over it the chief occupation and joy of her life. They remain together in the lady's apartments until breakfast, after which they again separate. Thus there is a continual interchange of courtesies and a perpetual courtship.

WOMAN'S WORK.—No century like the last has shown woman her better nature. Since the day when Elizabeth Fry, rich, beautiful, and gifted, preached in the jails of Great Britain and France, establishing schools and manufactories within the prisons, moving all northern and central Europe to humane feeling, there has not been wanting a Lady Huntingdon to build and support churches and colleges, a Florence Nightingale in hospitals, a Clara Barton [illegible], a Hannah Chalmers on the [illegible], a Mary Lyon to found [illegible] graded, a Catherine Pennyfeather among the outcasts, an Anne MacPherson finding homes for thousands of worse than orphaned children, a Baroness Burdett-Coutts to spend fifteen million dollars in model tenement houses and missions, and a Sarah Smiley to tell with womanly tenderness the story of the Cross.

GLASS SHINGLES.—Glass shingles are now being made for the roofs of houses. They [illegible] that state, [illegible] and riveted [illegible] so that the wind cannot blow them off, and they can be stepped on without being broken. As glass is a nonconductor of electricity, houses with shingled roofs need no lightning rods.

It Has Done Wonderful Things For Her.

So writes a daughter of the effect of Compound Oxygen on her mother, a lady in her sixty-ninth year, about whose case, when submitted to us for an opinion, we wrote discouragingly. After the first Treatment had been used up, this report was made: "You perhaps remember that when you gave her (my mother) your advice, you said that you did not think her case as hopeful as a majority of your patients, so that you could [illegible] tell in advance. It has done wonderful things for her, and I would have been glad if you could have witnessed them. At the time she commenced taking the Oxygen, she did not think she could live very long. She was feeble, very much depressed in spirits, a victim of extreme nervous prostration, with no special sign of disease beside. Life was almost a burden to her, so weak and tired [illegible] world. [illegible] strength and [illegible] forenoon, she has gone a [illegible]." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large reports of cases and full information, sent free. Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Our Young Folks.

MR. GRAY'S PUPILS.

BY HAROLD I. [illegible]

"WHERE are those children?" said the mother.

"I do not know," said the nurse. "They slip away like eels."

Mr. William Gray, an under-master from a neighboring school, heard these sentences repeated daily.

He came after [illegible] to give instruction to Philip and Augustus in reading and writing.

But Philip and Augustus, not being of an age to appreciate learning, were usually missing at the appointed time; and by the time that a hunt had been made for them and they were rendered presentable, more than half the hour was at an end.

Consequently during its short remainder they did not progress very much in their studies.

"I never saw such boys," said the mother; "it is impossible to manage them."

The father only laughed and said they were spirited little fellows—he was just the same at their age.

"I understand they are very naughty," said the mother.

In which sentiment nurse coincided with her mistress, with the reservation "that she thought it was all Master Philip's fault, for Master Augustus would not do half the mischief if he were left alone, only Master Philip terrified him into doing his bidding."

Young Mr. Grey said nothing.

He sat down patiently at the table, arranged the books and slates, and set two copies of pot-hooks.

Then he looked at the clock and saw that a quarter-of-an-hour had gone.

Then he took up a magazine and became quite absorbed in it.

Then he started and looked up—only ten minutes of the hour left and no pupils.

He sighed, for he was a conscientious young man, and this non-appearance of his pupils day after day troubled him.

He was receiving pay for no work.

When ten minutes came to an end he went away wondering if he ought not to give up the engagement.

Philip had seen the master approaching.

"I shan't go in to lessons," said he; "let us hide among the apple-trees till the nourch is over."

"No," answered Augustus.

"I want to go into the house."

Philip stared at him in astonishment, then he said deliberately—

"If you go I shall punch you.

"I can punch you very hard before any one comes.

"And when somebody is coming I shall go and smash all the flowers in your garden."

And he advanced towards Augustus, who shrank back saying—

"Don't hit me, Phil, don't hit me; I'll go."

"Come then," said Phil, with his hands clenched ready for action.

And Augustus followed him to the orchard.

"Up, up, be quick, Gus," he said, pointing to a tall apple-tree.

"You go first so that I may see if the leaves hide you."

Up went Augustus.

"All right, Gus, keep quiet," said Philip, mounting into another, from which he had a good view, and saw nurse and the gardener and John the footman running about and calling out—

"Master Philip, Master Augustus.

"Master Augustus, Master Philip!"

After a time the voices had ceased, and then Philip said, "Let us go out into the road."

Away they went through the orchard, and over the hedge, and then into the road.

They were without hats, for Philip had thrown his into the water to see it swim, and although Augustus did not wish his cap to share the same fate, yet Philip had by force taken it from him, in spite of Augustus holding it as tightly as he could.

Philip threw the cap into the water, and then pelted both hat and cap with great stones until they sank.

"What do we want with hats?" he asked, "when we have got thick hair to cover our heads."

Augustus began to cry, but left off again, as Philip [illegible] a noise behind, [illegible] just at the water.

"It's no use," explained Philip.

"What is it?" asked Augustus.

"It's Frisky with father's newspaper.

"Let us take it from him and tear it to bits; then father won't be reading it all day."

And Philip executed a caper of delight, snapping his fingers and nodding to Augustus.

Then he paused with one leg in the air and waited for Frisky.

"Good Frisky, good dog; biscuit Frisky, biscuit," cried Philip as the dog approached.

But Frisky knew Philip of old, and distrusted him; besides, it was Frisky's business to take the paper straight home to his master, and not to stop on the way.

And being a most conscientious dog, he was very [illegible] of his property. Therefore he [illegible] overtures, keeping to [illegible] further away from both.

"You little [illegible] rascals," shouted Philip in a great rage, "stop when I tell you, or I'll give you a good beating.

"Stop, I say—do you hear?"

And Philip sprang forward to intercept the dog; but, Frisky was too quick for him—he gave a sudden lurch, and Philip not being prepared for this, stumbled over him, and fell sprawling to the ground, giving Frisky an involuntary kick which made him howl and drop the newspaper.

However, Frisky was a stout little fellow, and did not mind a little pain, so he picked up the newspaper again, shook himself free from Philip's legs, and went on his way as quickly as he could.

Augustus could not help laughing at the scene—it was so funny to see Phil go down and Frisky get the best of it.

This made Philip very angry, and he threatened all kinds of punishments to Gus as soon as he should get up.

But to get up was no easy task.

He went quite white with the pain in his leg, and all he could do was to turn on his back and lie down again, saying—

"Gus, my leg is broken."

Augustus sat down beside him, not knowing what to do.

Then, as his ordinary solution in all cases of difficulty, he burst into a loud howl.

"Do be quiet," moaned Philip; "you make my leg worse."

"Oh, Phil, Phil! if we had been good and not naughty, you wouldn't have broken your leg."

Perhaps the same thought struck Philip as he lay moaning on the ground.

In all his escapades he had avoided painful consequences, and now a sudden feeling came over him that an end had come to everything, and he should never walk again.

How lonely it seemed, and how still.

Not a leaf was stirring, and the hot sun was beating down on the hatless heads of Philip and Augustus.

Frisky had scampered away as fast as he could go, and there was not a sound to be heard.

Augustus was crying quietly, and Philip was clenching his hands to prevent himself from crying also, for his leg pained him terribly.

At last there was a step along the road.

Augustus sprang up with a cry of joy, though the person who advanced was the one the children had fled from—their teacher, Mr. Gray.

"Why, boys, what is the matter?" said he.

"Phil's leg is broken," sobbed Augustus.

"I hope not," said the young man, kneeling down beside the boy, "but we must get home as fast as we can.

"Do you think you can go home alone and tell them what has happened?"

Augustus hesitated—he had never been across the fields quite alone.

"I cannot go," continued Mr. Gray.

"I must stay with Philip.

"Poor Philip is in great pain.

"You must fetch some one to help him."

Augustus drew a long breath, and said, "Yes."

And Philip closed his eyes.

It seemed hours to him before any help came.

But yet help was not very long in coming, and Phil was carried home.

Fortunately no bones were broken, but it was a very bad sprain, and he had to lie on the sofa for some time.

And in this time Mr. Gray came regularly and gave Augustus his lessons.

Phil listened and listened to the stories that Mr. Gray told them about all sorts of wonderful people and places and animals, and became quite interested.

"I think Philip is improving," said the mother.

"Wait till he is well, ma'am," answered the nurse; "it is to be hoped that this accident has made an impression upon him. We shall see."

Philip said nothing, but when Augustus showed him a very respectable copy of round O's and pot-hooks, Phil thought to himself—

"He'll get before me."

Many other thoughts passed through Phil's mind, and Mr. Gray, watching carefully, guessed what he was thinking about.

One day, when Augustus was out of the room, Mr. Gray came and sat down beside the sofa, and said very quietly—

"You'll soon overtake Augustus when you begin to work."

Philip nodded.

He was not going to commit himself by words, but he was beginning to feel that it was not desirable to be a naughty boy.

HAT FLIRTATION.—The latest craze is the hat flirtation. The following is the code: Wearing the hat squarely on the head, I love you madly; tipping over the right ear, my little brother has the measles; pulling it over the eyes, you must not recognize me; wearing it on the back of the head, ta! ta! taking it off and brushing it the wrong way, my heart is busted; holding it out in the right hand, lend me a quarter; leaving it with your uncle, I have been to a church fair; throwing it at a policeman, I love your sister; using it as a fan, come and see my aunt; carrying a brick in it, your cruelty is killing me; kicking it up stairs, is the old man around; kicking it down stairs, where is your mother; kicking it across the street, I am engaged; hanging it on the right elbow, will call to-morrow; hanging it on the left elbow, am married; putting it on the ground and sitting on it, farewell forever.

☞ No woman's prayers are answered unless she uses the Diamond Dyes. Many dollars can be saved every year. Ask the druggist.

HER WEAPON.

BY N. Y. J

WHEN affairs were settled there was nothing left—absolutely nothing. As tenderly as a father could, old Lawyer Dayre told Cleo Leslie the sad truth—that she was penniless.

"But not homeless, so long as I have a home," he added.

Cleo thanked him quietly.

She seemed stunned by the news, and looked around the splendid room as if in a dream.

Could it be that this fair home was hers no longer?

She pressed her hand to her heart to still its rebellious throbbing, when a sharp, stinging touch caused her to cry out.

A needle, carelessly left in her dress, had pierced her finger, and the blood spurted forth, staining her hand with its crimson drops.

"Eureka!" cried Cleo, with sudden transition from despair to hope.

"I have found the weapon with which I shall conquer the world.

"[illegible] and she held up the needle which had hurt her. "Can you doubt that Providence has shown me a way out of my difficulties?

"I am not clever enough to teach any one things well, but you do not know what wonders I can work with this little implement.

"I am not afraid of fate now."

And she raised her pretty head with a defiant air that brought a smile to the kindly face of her old friend.

"At least you will come with me now," he said.

"Must I leave my home at once?" asked Cleo, with quivering lips.

She had not thought the change so near.

"Yes, dear child," said Mr. Dayre, pitifully.

And she asked no more questions.

Kind, motherly Mrs. Dayre welcomed Cleo as a daughter.

Both she and her husband would gladly have kept their old friend's child in their childless home; but it fretted the girl's proud spirit that even for a time she must be dependent on their generosity.

Seeing which—with truest refinement of kindness—they not only ceased to urge their wishes, but even, privately, busied themselves in seeking work for her to do.

Which was just what Cleo herself was doing.

All day long she haunted the fancy stores with specimens of her handiwork; but every place was overstocked—no one could give her even a hope of employment in the future.

Faith in her "conquering weapon" was all but lost, when, late one day, weary and despondent after another fruitless quest for work, she returned to her friend's home to find an unwonted light and brightness pervading the house—little feet tripping merrily through the silent halls, while childish voices rang out in gay, sweet laughter.

"Mr. Bertram, a dear friend of my husband, has come to visit us, bringing his two little girls," said Mrs. Dayre, stopping a moment in Cleo's room to bestow the motherly kiss with which she always welcomed her young guest home.

And Cleo went down to the parlor, expecting, some way, to greet an old man, white-haired and portly, like Mr. Dayre.

Instead, she saw a man in the early prime of life—handsome, erect, gracious, with deep, earnest grey eyes, and the sweetest smile.

"As if his mother's kiss was fresh on his lips," Cleo thought.

But almost before she could respond to the low bow with which he acknowledged Mrs. Dayre's introduction, two lovely little sprites, of some five and seven summers, came flying towards her, and held up their rosy lips "to kiss the pretty lady that Auntie Dayre had told them about."

"But why do you have such a queer name? Cle-pat-ry, auntie says it is.

"I don't like that!" said five-year-old May.

"Neither do I," answered Cleo, to whom her name was a sore trial.

"But my grandmother named me long ago, when I couldn't help it."

"You're nice, though, and I guess I'll love you!" cried Lucy, with an affectionate hug, by way of beginning.

"Won't you love her, Papa Bert?"

But Mr. Bertram, with one quick glance at Cleo's crimson cheeks, had turned away, and was so deep in conversation with his host that the child's question was apparently unheard.

Just then May caused a diversion.

A "tearing" sound was heard, and she came running up from the window, holding out her white dress, in which was an enormous rent.

"See, I'm torod!" she said.

"Can't you mend me, pretty lady?"

"I'll try," laughed Cleo, and led the children up to her room, where the needle, from which she had expected such great things, performed its first useful work.

But not its last by any means.

There never were such children for getting "tored," as they called it; and Cleo's needle seemed in constant requisition, since to her the little ones went to have repaired the ravages that each day wrought.

One day she was sitting in the library, thinking over her changed life, and mourning because she had failed to find work, when close at hand was the work which Providence was sending her.

She heard voices, then the door opened, and before she could wipe away the tears which were dimming her eyes, May and Lucy stood beside her, each holding a hand of Mr. Bertram.

"See!" cried Lucy, "we've tored Papa Bert's coat.

"You must get your needle," and she pointed to a jagged tear in his sleeve.

"But you are crying!" she added, catching a tear as it fell on her chubby fore-finger.

"Kiss the cry away, Papa Bert!

"You must!

"Don't you love her?"

Such an awful child!

Cleo's hot blushes dried her tears; but she dared not look up.

Though as yet she had no more than a friendly acquaintance with Mr. Bertram, she had often found his eyes fixed upon her and filled with a strange, intense, eager longing, that one less modest might well have mistaken for love.

But Cleo would not let herself think of love and him.

No one had ever spoken of his wife; she had never asked Mrs. Dayre; but the children spoke often of the dear mother who had left them, and she believed that Mr. Bertram's thoughts must be also with her who was no more.

And yet how grand he was! how wise! How tenderly he would care for one whom he loved!

And how alone in the world she was, with none to love or care for her!

All these thoughts flashed through her mind, brought to life by the child's words, "Don't you love her?"

The silence was becoming embarrassing, when Mr. Bertram spoke—

"Miss Leslie, will you help me?" he said.

"This is the only thin coat I have, and in this warm house I really cannot wear anything.

"I know what good work your needle has [illegible] for me.

"Can you do as much for me?"

His words, so quiet and unconcerned, reassured her, and she looked up—to meet the magnetic glance of those grey eyes, into whose clear depths she looked closely now for the first time.

But something that she saw there made her face flame, and she turned away from him with a feeling that they had both been traitors to the dead.

"If you will send the coat to my room I will mend it at once," she said, moving towards the door, when both children cried out—

"No, no; you must mend it here!"

May ran for the work-basket, which her quick eye espied on the window-seat.

"Must I?" pleaded Cleo's eyes, though her lips were silent.

No [illegible] answered as silently by holding out his arm to her.

How her heart throbbed as she chanced to touch his hand, so firm and warm! and her fingers trembled so she could scarce hold her needle.

"Needles and pins! needles and pins!
When's the way that love begins!"

sang Lucy, hopping around on one foot, in evident enjoyment of the scene, and repeating the words of an old song with which Cleo had sung her to sleep the night before.

"Is that true, Papa Bert?

"Miss Cleo says so."

"Leave the room, children," said Mr. Bertram, so authoritatively that they did not think of disobeying.

Cleo would have gone also, but he gently detained her, saying—

"My little nieces are sad tormonts; but—"

"Your nieces!" exclaimed Cleo, looking up, while a wonderful joy dawned on her lovely face.

"I [illegible] they call you—"

"Papa Bert."

"Yes; I taught them that.

"I promised my sister always to care for them as a father.

"Did you think I had been married?

"Why, I have never even loved—until now.

"Now—I love you so dearly.

"I want you for my very own—my wife!

"Look up, Cleo," and Mr. Bertram lifted the girl's drooping head till he could look into her lovely eyes.

"Will you not love me a little, dear? I love you so truly, yet I would scarce have dared ask it, if—"

"If it had not been for my needle? I said it would conquer the world," said Cleo, then blushed [illegible] at her boldness, hid her sweet face, and was silent.

"And it has only conquered one poor heart," said Mr. Bertram, sadly, for she had not answered him, and his hopes grew faint.

"But your heart is my world from henceforth," she said, with one swift, shy, upward glance.

And he was content.

"DIDN'T you tell me, sir, that you could hold the plow?" said a farmer to an Irishman whom he had taken on trial. "Arrah, be asy now," said Pat; "how the deuce can I hould it and two horses drawing it away from me! But give it to me in the barn, and, be jabers! I'd hould it with anybody."

*** "Many silly people despise the precious, not understanding it." But no one despises Kidney-Wort after having given it a trial. Those that have used it agree that it is by far the best medicine known. Its action is prompt, thorough and lasting. Don't take pills, and other mercurials that poison the system, but by using Kidney-Wort restore the natural action of all the organs.

THE LIGHTS OF HOME.

BY R. J. KING.

In many a village window burn
The evening lamps,
They shine amid the dews and damps,
Those lights of home.

Afar the wanderer sees them glow,
Now night is near;
They gild his path with radiance clear,
Sweet lights of home.

Ye lode-stars that forever draw
The weary heart,
In stranger lands or crowded mart;
O! lights of home,

When my brief day of life is o'er,
Then may I see,
Shine from the heavenly house for me
Dear lights of home.

ABOUT THE KITCHEN.

THE head cook of Charles VII left to his descendants a valuable recipe for golden soup which may interest the housewife of to-day. "Toast," he says, "slices of bread, then throw them into a jelly made of sugar, yolk of eggs, white wine and rosewater. When they are well soaked fry them, and throw them again into rosewater and sprinkle with sugar and saffron."

In the days of Francis I the saucepan was placed on the table just as it left the fire, and only one other dish was required, which contained beef, mutton, veal and bacon garnished with cooked herbs, which mixture was called porridge, and considered a real restorer and elixir of life. From this custom came the adage, "The soup in the pot, and the dainties in the hotch potch."

In an old cook-book for the sixteenth century there is a wood-cut representing an Italian kitchen interior. A four-legged brazier stands in the centre of the apartment, and near it bend two men cooks, while on the floor squats a man blowing the bellows, and two lads, one on either side of the fires, sit on chairs turning with long rods the iron bars on which birds are roasting. Above the stove is a strong beam, from which depend bunches of vegetables, birds of various kinds, herbs, etc. A frying-pan is ready to hand, and upon a gridiron two fish are laid for cooking.

The highest aim of the cook in the Middle Ages was so to disguise the flavor of the food that it was almost impossible to guess of what it was composed. Cooks in the fourteenth century were called "porte chapes," because in cooking they covered their pots with a tin cover. In the age of chivalry the officers of the kitchen often dressed in complete armor, and carried the dishes into the dining-room in a procession.

If we come down to a consideration of kitchens in our own day, we do not find very much upon which to congratulate ourselves. If we have gained some knowledge of refinement in cooking (and that is an open question), we have gained nothing in the situation or appointment of our kitchens.

The kitchen, which ought to be the "lungs" of the house, is too often a real plague spot, into which the mistress dare not to inquire too closely.

Of course there are exceptional cases, where the kitchen is as pleasant a room as any in the house, but in large cities those exceptions are rare indeed in the case of those wise heads of large establishments who have had the sense to run counter to public opinion and have the kitchen at the top instead of at the bottom of the house. In our land of elevators how easily this might be done, and how much it would conduce to the general health of the household.

Our barbarous ancestors who roasted with a spit and kept ill-smelling rushes on the floors were before us in the hygienic consideration of the food supply. They consecrated a well-ventilated apartment to kitchen purposes; they would have been convulsed with horror had they seen the ordinary city larder, its sole ventilation dependent upon a wire-covered aperture, called by courtesy a window, too far below the level of the ground to catch even a solitary sunbeam.

To ordinary English-speaking people a trip to Germany or Switzerland is a revelation, if they have eyes to see. What a model a Swiss kitchen is. What a contrast. The hearth, with its dusky fire, in spite of all recommendations, makes very slow headway.

The radical difference in the cooking of different countries has, of course, its influence upon the kitchen. In England everything is cooked on time, and dished to the minute; in France, Germany and Switzerland there are comparatively few dishes which must be cooked to the second, so in our households vegetables and meats will be under way from an early hour, simmering gently in their most artistic, pots, whereas in the English kitchen the vegetables, potatoes and all accessories are a question of the last half-hour before dinner, and blackened pots boil with furious vigor over a fierce and scorching fire.

Of course there are modern improvements; how can it be otherwise? But improvements are not found in the ordinary home, and they are always a work of time. In Italy all abuses abound. In Russia the bake oven is the family bath. In Sweden and Denmark civilization has yet much to do.

Grains of Gold.

What is not really needed is dear at any price.

The humility of religion tends to elevate and refine.

When rogues give a dance the devil is sure to be fiddler.

Don't try to get along without flannel underclothing in winter.

Don't use your voice for loud speaking or singing when hoarse.

Some sort of charity will swallow the egg and give away the shell.

If you do what you should not, you must bear what you would not.

He who pretends to be everybody's particular friend, is nobody's.

In contemplation of created things, by steps we may ascend to God.

Bore—anything one does not like:—any person who speaks of religion.

Hard workers are usually honest. Industry lifts them above temptation.

To be really and truly independent is to support ourselves by our own exertions.

We walk upon the verge of two worlds; at our feet lies the very grave that awaits us.

If you intend to do a mean thing, wait till to-morrow. If you are to do a noble thing, do it now.

Great ideas travel slowly, and, for a time, noiselessly, as the gods whose feet were shod with wool.

That man comes off with honor who governs his resentments instead of being governed by them.

We are so used to disguise ourselves to others, that at last we become disguised even to ourselves.

The parent who would train up a child in the way he should go, must go the way he would train up his child to.

Relations are people who imagine they have a right to rob you if you are rich, and to insult you if you are poor.

Whatever a hater may do to a hater, or an enemy to an enemy, a wrongly-directed mind will do us greater injury.

Of all amusements that can possibly be imagined for a working man, after daily toil, there is nothing like reading.

Ask often, in your hours of bustle, where is the heart now? They only are too busy who forget God in their business.

When we record our angry feelings let it be on the snow, that the first beam of sunshine may obliterate them for ever.

How many waste their mornings in anticipating their afternoons, and their afternoons in regretting their mornings!

To neglect at any time preparation for death, is to sleep on our post at a siege; but to omit it in old age, is to sleep at an attack.

The impressions of religion are so natural to mankind, that most men are necessitated, first or last, to entertain serious thoughts about it.

He whose soul reposes on his firm trust in his Redeemer, like the halcyon that builds on the waves, if storms arise, may be tossed, but not endangered.

Conscience and covetousness are never to be reconciled. Like fire and water they always destroy each other, according to the predominancy of either.

How difficult you will find it to convince a miserly heart that anything is good which is not profitable, or a libertine one that anything is bad which is pleasant.

Time is short, your obligations infinite. Are your houses regulated, your children instructed, the afflicted relieved, the poor visited, the work of piety accomplished?

That age of the church which was most fertile in nice questions, was most barren in religion; for it makes people think religion to be only a matter of wit in tying and untying knots.

The Christian should be careful how he mingles with the world, or his Christian profession, like a sword exposed to moisture, if it does not lose its edge it will certainly lose its polish.

Religion is a necessary and indispensable element in any human character. There is no living without it. It is the tie that connects man to his Creator, and holds him to His throne.

Socially, we may all easily be divided into two classes in this world, at least in the civilized part of it. If we are not the people whom other folks talk about then we are sure to be the people who talk about others.

Education is a companion which no misfortune can depress, no crime destroy, no enemy alienate, no despotism enslave. At home a friend, abroad an introduction, in solitude a solace, in society an ornament.

Femininities.

It is said that the ladies of Paris have taken to fencing and shooting.

Where women are largely in the majority, men are apt to become timid and bashful.

It is announced that Miss Anna Dickinson has resolved to no longer advocate woman suffrage.

The most pronounced old maid generally writes the profoundest essays on how to bring up children.

An Arkansas girl refused to marry her lover unless he performed some heroic deed. He eloped with her mother.

Women kiss each other, not because they like it, but to make men mad at the reckless waste of affection that is going on.

An exchange asks: "What is it that makes girls so attractive?" It is the money their fathers are supposed to have.

The woman of tender feelings most frequently gives utterance to a sigh, and the large sighs she utters are frequently due to the small size of her shoes.

Said a little Brooklyn boy the other day, "We don't have many nice things to eat at our house, but mother has about fifteen or sixteen cook books."

Two young, pretty and highly educated ladies, who move in fashionable circles, are under arrest at Pittsburg, for obtaining dry goods under false pretences.

"Yes, I'm opposed to caste," said Mme. Ringesparkle to a Newport acquaintance, "but really, my dear, there should be a line of extinction!" Her friend agreed with her.

"Talk about Mt. Desert!" exclaimed an indignant lady, not long ago; "why, you can't go to any corner or secluded spot there without finding a couple under a parasol."

A London fashion writer finds that a modish honeymoon must extend over three months or last only a day or two—anything between the two being hopelessly antiquated.

A surgeon in London offers to teach any woman to blush beautifully and naturally in three lessons. He's a fraud! A beautifully-natural blush cannot be brought to the cheek by any artificial means.

It is stated for a fact that William Dyer, of Council Bluffs, has buried six wives, and taken out a license for the seventh marriage within a few weeks. His age is 88, and that of his seventh venturesome consort 40.

The attempt to substitute mahogany broom handles for pine has been a sad failure. Decorative art will not permit brooms in the parlor, and when a woman wants the broom for a weapon she can never find it.

"Oh, yes, my husband is running for office," said one suburban lady to another, "but he better not be defeated. You don't suppose I'll stand it to scrimp and economize to buy rum for voters for nothing, do you?"

Says a London journal: "A fat woman is the dressmaker's despair. She is impossible to work on. The thin woman is her delight. It is easier to simulate than to dissimulate, or, in other words, to put on than take off."

A young man in a train, making fun of a young lady's hat to an elderly gentleman in the seat with him. "Yes," said his seat-mate, "that's my wife, and I told her if she wore that bonnet some fool would make fun of it."

Elizabeth Jones was a servant to the Princess of Wales fourteen years, and in all that time never gave her a word of sass. The result is that Elizabeth now has a beautiful monument put up at the royal lady's own expense.

It is said that the favorite mode of "hazing" practiced by the feminine sophomores of Michigan University is to seize some good-looking freshman, bind him hand and foot, and then kiss him in the most terrible manner. Who wouldn't be a freshman?

The neighbors of a Pine street woman were unable to ascertain how she sprained her wrist, until the six-year-old son said: "There was a noise in the house last night, so pap thought it was burglars, and he kept mas in front of him, and she fell down stairs."

The Duchess of Talleyrand is a famous sport woman. She dresses in plain woolen stuffs, and, with a small felt hat and a waterproof, takes her gun under her arm, and all by herself marches over hill and dale, climbing fences and jumping ditches in quest of game.

They are telling in New Hampshire the story of a woman who is a member of the society with the long name, that, during the last summer she has caught house flies in wire cage traps, and then relieved her conscience by taking them a couple of blocks away and setting them free.

A California woman who confessed to her husband on her dying bed that she loved another, was forgiven. Then she got well, and he is now suing for a divorce. She pleads that he condoned the offence, and he answers that it was only on condition of her dying, and she broke the contract.

A lady of experience gives advice on kissing to a younger lady friend as follows: "Be frugal in your bestowal of such favors. In the first place, I would cut off all uncles, cousins and brothers-in-law; and I would not kiss the minister, the doctor, or the lawyer who gets you a divorce."

Judge Thomas W. Merriwether and Dr. R. W. Lovett, of Georgia, were schoolmates, and first married twin sisters, daughters of Bishop Andrew. Their wives died, and they then married two other sisters, daughters of Bishop Price. These wives died, and they have married a third pair of sisters, but not daughters of a bishop this time.

Did you ever see a woman mail a letter? She will undertake to drop it into the box, then she draws it back and scans the direction, tries the stamp to see that it is on fast, scrutinizes the gummed side and runs her finger over it once or twice, then gives it one or two sudden jerks, which sends it rapidly into the box. She then peeps in to see if it went through.

News Notes.

The work of revising the Old Testament will take a year yet.

Ten years is the working life-time of the average Atlantic cable.

They are trying to make kid gloves out of the skins of prairie dogs.

The catalogue of the British Museum, now being printed, will fill 500 volumes.

Neckwear in very "loud" patterns will be much worn by young gentlemen during the coming season.

A sweet potato two feet eight inches in length is what surprised the editor of a Paducah, Ky., paper.

General Sheridan receives on an average 1,200 invitations a year to reunions and similar gatherings.

More than ten per cent. of the public school children of Pittsburg are said to be near-sighted.

A young giant at Palo Pinto, Texas, though but 20 years old, stands 7 feet 4 inches high in his socks.

The annual payments for salaries in the civil service of the country in round numbers is $20,000,000.

Paris ladies obtain ulsters and riding habits from London, and will now send there for their boots.

It is claimed that over a million orange trees will come into bearing in Orange county, Florida, this year.

The average salary of Baptist ministers in this country is stated by a writer in a Baptist paper to be about $400 a year.

Chicago ought to bristle all over with prosperity, for 8,000,000 hogs have been dressed in that city this season.

A Nebraska savings bank has opened a children's department, in which a deposit as small as one cent can be made.

"The scarlet woman" is a phrase that will have new significance this season, as this color and gold will be the fashionable rage.

A New Hampshire mother, crazy with grief over the death of her boy, was found digging open his grave, believing that he was alive.

An Iowa woman who got left by a train which afterward met with an accident, sent the conductor a check for $60 to show her gratitude.

One of our contemporaries, running short of adjectives, speaks of a young lady as having just returned from an "estimable trip through Europe."

The old slave market of Zanzibar, where formerly thirty thousand slaves were sold annually, has been transformed into a mission premises, with a church.

French peasants put coffee into a saucepan full of water, and let it cook almost up to the boiling point, when the water is strained through muslin.

Professor Vose says the number of persons carried every year over the railroads in this country is 375,000,000, of whom but 1,200 meet with injuries, and 400 are killed.

A New Mexico paper reports that recently a large aerolite fell near Pinos Altos, crushing several trees, and that a Mexican who saw it reported that a piece of the moon had fallen.

Men who are terribly particular about civilized food, and the manner of its preparation, will eat any kind of wild abomination to which is attached the sacred name of "game."

The South has this season raised nearly enough grain to supply the home demand, and will save $15,000,000,000 which it has been accustomed annually to spend in the West for food.

A New Orleans boy has invented a harness attachment, by means of which, when a horse starts to run away, the pulling of a strap sets the animal free from the carriage, leaving the occupants in safety.

A London paper finds fault with the following phrases as Americanisms which are not to be justified—"to be through" in the sense of "to have finished," and "he belongs in our neighborhood."

Mrs. William Ludden, bedridden for years, at Brandon, Vermont, was taken in hand by a praying band. She soon felt a "prickling and somewhat painful sensation" along her spine, and before the meeting closed she was able to walk, so it is said.

In the Italian Parliament the voting is done by electricity. Three buttons are marked aye, nay, and abstain, on each member's desk, and connected with a central printing apparatus, which records the votes automatically as the members touch the buttons.

The following notice was posted at a negro ball at Carlisle, Ky.: "No white persons allowed to dance." Martin Murphy defiantly waltzed with a black belle, and shot a door manager who interfered. Promiscuous firing ensued, and four men were wounded.

"He did a dishonorable thing to me, and that's why I shot him," said Patterson, after firing on Burke, in Indianapolis. Burke's dispensing act was to advise a greenhorn, whom Patterson intended to rob, to leave most of his money in a hotel safe before going out on a spree.

While boys in the East are longing to become bandits and Indian-slayers on the Western plains, two ten-year-old Nebraska urchins, after reading some story paper descriptions of New York life, bought two pistols with stolen money, and set out to become Bowery ruffians.

A girl was thrown out of a wagon and seriously hurt on the day before her wedding at Media, Pa. Therefore, the ceremony was performed while she lay in bed, with the bridesmaids grouped around, and as many of the guests in the room as it would hold. As a gratification to the company, many of them desiring it, a sister of the bride wore the bridal costume.

New Publications.

We are in receipt of N. W. Ayer & Son's American Newspaper Annual which contains a carefully prepared list of all Newspapers and Periodicals in the United States and Canada, arranged by States in Geographical Sections, and by Towns in alphabetical order. In this list is also given the name of the paper, the issue, general characteristics, year of establishment, size, circulation, and advertising rates for ten lines one month. Then follows a list of all Newspapers Inserting Advertisements, arranged in States by Counties, with the distinctive feature and circulation of each paper. It also gives the Population of the United States, and of each State, Territory, County and County-seat, the chief Cities and Towns, and of nearly every place in which a paper is published. Similar information is given concerning the Dominion of Canada. It likewise contains a carefully-prepared description of every County in the United States, as well as of each State and Territory as a whole, and of each of the Canadian Provinces, giving valuable information concerning their mineral deposits, chief Agricultural products, principal manufactures, nature of the surface and soil, location, area, etc. There is no other single publication, within our knowledge, which contains information of such varied use and value for general business purposes. Complete in all its departments, thorough in its details, giving just the information needed and only that—simply arranged, easily referred to, carefully compiled—it is, in fact, a model work of its kind. Price $3.00, carriage paid. N. W. Ayer & Sons Phila. Pa., Publishers.

"Point Lace and Diamonds." The pretty little volume of society verses by George A. Baker, Jr., has been out of print for some time, but its scarcity has only seemed to whet the public demand for it. In response to this demand R. Worthington, New York, announces a new edition, which contains several new poems.

MAGAZINES.

Lippincott's Magazine for November opens with a yachting article, The Cruise of the Viking, by H. W. Raymond, illustrated. Dom Pedro's Dominion is the title of a piquant article by Frank D. Y. Carpenter, in which the government and people of Brazil are considered. A Day with Emerson, by H. N. Powers, gives a fairly good idea of the great essayist's conversational powers. In Some Authenticated Ghost-Stories, by Rev. Robert Wilson, the reader will find more novelty than usually belongs to narratives of this kind. Quarterly Meeting in the West, by Louise Coffin Jones, is a drab-colored sketch from real life. The fiction of this number includes a long instalment of Fairy Gold, a quiet but charmingly written story entitled, Not as the Romans Do, and one or two lively sketches. The poetry is above the usual level, and the Monthly Gossip contains several noticeable papers, among them an account of Gounod's Redemption and a description of Webster's old home at Marshfield and the family burial-place. Lippincott & Co. Publishers.

The *North American Review* for November presents an unusually diversified Table of Contents. English views of Free Trade, by the Hon. John Welsh of Philadelphia, is a clear and forcible exposition of the difference between the economic situation of England and that of the United States. Joseph Neilson, Chief Judge of the Brooklyn City Court, writes of Disorder in Court-Rooms, Dr. Wm. A. Hammond, ex-Surgeon-General of the U. S. Army, offers A Problem for Sociologists the problem being to determine the degree of responsibility before the criminal law, of persons affected by certain forms of insanity. The Industrial Value of Woman, by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, is a very able reply to an article recently published on Woman's Work and Woman's Wages. Advantages of the Jury System by Dwight Foster, formerly a Justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, will command the attention of every thoughtful citizen. The remaining articles are, Safety in Theatres, by Steele Mackaye, the actor and theatrical manager; The Pretensions of Journalism, by Rev. Geo. T. Rider; and a symposium on The Suppression of Vice, by Anthony Comstock, C. B. Frothingham and Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley. The North American Review, New York.

The November number of the *Eclectic* is fully up to the high standard of that sterling old periodical, and, in fact, is one of the best of the year. Its table of contents comprises something for all classes of readers, and is as follows: Who was Primitive Man? by Prof. Grant Allen; Rachel, a deeply interesting account of the great actress; Race and Life on English Soil, by Dr. B. W. Richardson; Alfred Tennyson's beautiful poem, To Virgil; Some impressions of the United States, by Dr. Edward A. Freeman; Rescuribes in my Pockets, a daisy comedietta translated from the French; The Salvation Army, by Cardinal Manning; The Philosophy of a Visiting Card; A Night in the Red Sea; three additional chapters of The Lady Maud, which is rapidly nearing its close; The Coming of the Mahdy, which throws much light upon recent movements in the Mohammedan world; A Tennessee Squire; Exploration in Greece, by Alexander S. Murray; In the Forest, a poem; Great Men's Relations; England, by Paul H. Hayne; Literary Notes, Foreign Literary Notes, Science and Art, and Miscellany. Published by E. R. Pelton, 25 Bond Street, New York. Terms, $5 per year; single copy, 45 cents; Trial subscription for three months, $1.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From

Oquawka, Ill., August 23, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

H. R. C.

Missentown, D. C., August 12, '82.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

K. L. O'N.

Port Oxford, Oregon, August 29, '82.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium!

J. W. C.

Clinton, Ia., August 30, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

M. C.

Stratford, August 24, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

W. H. H.

Chehalis, Wash. Ter., August 13, '82.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

A. M.

Pearsal, Tex., August 12, '82.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

U. S. F.

Chattanooga, August 17, '82.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

W. E. R.

Verndale, Minn., August 12, '82.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

F. E. B.

Jamestown, Ind., August 13, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

I. F. D.

Peconic, La., August 18, '82.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

O. G. P.

Berlinton, Ind., August 16, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

G. W. B.

Makand, Pa., August 17, '82.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

I. L.

York, Pa., August 14, '82.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

J. W. S.

Leesburgh, Kans., August 12, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. The Post is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

G. G.

Columbiaville, Mich, August 13, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

F. E. M.

Belvidere, Pa., August 18, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

W. F. S.

Mount Pleasant, August 21, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

G. L.

Humorous.

Election cases—ballot boxes.

Why was Eve not afraid of the measles? Because she'd (h) Adam.

When a man's feelings are so great that he cannot express them, had he better send them by freight?

Out in the mines they deliberately shoot a man who refuses to drink his soup straight from the plate.

The meanest kind of a man is the man who will at this season give to a tramp a straw hat when he knows that if the tramp wears it he'll get gayed to death.

The young man who went out to serenade his sweetheart, and was kicked over the wall by her angry father, says he knows that music has an elevating influence.

A new color is called "four o'clock." If it's the color of a man's nose as he goes meandering home about four o'clock in the morning, it must be a mighty brilliant shade of red.

A Library in Itself.

No house where a paper is taken, a book read, or, indeed, where the English language is spoken, is complete without a dictionary. And the very best the learning and industry of man ever put together is WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED. It is now the American authority, is used by the majority of educational institutions, men of letters, leading papers of the country—THE POST included—and is more extensively utilized among the body of the people than any other publication. The work is a complete library in itself, and even has an advantage over a large collection, by putting everything desirable in the way of information, in such a handy and easily-comprehended form. No matter how scant one's means may be, all should make it an obligation to get this dictionary, for we consider it one of the most important necessaries of life. It would take every page of THE POST to properly speak of its various departments and excellences, and we can only enumerate a few. It contains 118,000 words, being 3,000 more than in any other English dictionary, with their definitions, etymology, and application; 3,000 illustrations, being nearly three times the number in any other dictionary; a Biographical Dictionary, which gives brief facts concerning 9,700 noted persons; four pages of colored plates; explanations of all the noted names of history, fiction, and general literature; Scriptural Proper names, modern names, Greek and Latin Proper names, ancient and modern Geographical names, Christian names, origin of quotations, phrases, proverbs, etc., with English explanation of common phrases from all the various languages; abbreviations and contractions used in writing and printing, and in fact everything that belongs to our tongue—past and present. In its 1928 pages altogether this book contains more than any other single volume in the world, and we earnestly recommend it to our readers, and advise them to send to G. & C. Merriam & Co., Springfield, Mass., for a catalogue.

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—LIVER—
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CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.
Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Doloureux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption.
Liver Complaints, Etc.,
Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all medicines in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for
Kidney and Bladder Complaints
Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy or mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and where there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by druggists.
One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. One Dollar Per Bottle.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.
Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.
A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL
Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.
☞Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.
A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.
Price, 25 Cents Per Box.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
READ "FALSE AND TRUE."
Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.
☞Information worth thousands... sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.
There can be no better guarantee of the value of DR. RADWAY'S old established R. R. R. REMEDIES than the base and worthless imitations of them, as there are False Resolvents, Reliefs and Pills. Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

Warner Brothers
CORALINE CORSETS.

The great superiority of Coraline over horn or whalebone has induced us to use it in all our leading Corsets.
$10 REWARD
will be paid for any Corset in which the Coraline breaks with six months' ordinary wear. Price by mail, W. B. (coutil), $2.50; Abdominal, $2; Health or Nursing, $1.50; Coraline or Flexible Hip $1.25; Misses', $1.00.
For sale by leading merchants. Beware of worthless imitations boned with cord.
WARNER BROS., 372 Broadway, N. Y.

THE SYMPTOMS.

(WITH HINTS ON TREATMENT.)

First notice if he sits alone,
And meditates or writes a lot,
Or talks in an abstracted tone,
Or walks about at nights a lot.
Observe if he delights to wade
Through multitudes of "spooney" verse;
And if he hints a certain maid
Is peerless in the universe.

And also note if he awaits
The postman's coming eagerly,
And if he often vows the fates
Are smiling on him meagrely.
Observe if he appears to pine,
As though affairs were grieving him;
And if he's disinclined to dine,
And appetite seems leaving him.

If ever and anon he groans
With sobs and sighs mysterious,
And mutters in abstracted tones,
Be sure his state is serious.
And if he raves of some "sweet dove,"
And gazes on a carte at times,
You'd know he's suffering from love,
Which much affects the heart at times.

Your treatment must at first be mild—
Don't rashly mar his "mooniness;"
A man's as helpless as a child
When suffering from "spooniness."
Love's patients ne'er like being chaffed,
Although they show insanity;
Just give him wedlock, that's the draught
To bring him back to sanity.

—U. N. Nonsense.

Facetiæ.

Party ties—White chokers.

Only a question of time—Asking the hour.

To be disposed of under the hammer—A carpet-tack.

New definition for evening dresses—Dresses of Eve.

Cats are musical because their insides are composed mostly of fiddle strings.

The height of patience—A deaf man waiting to hear the ticking of a sun-dial.

Why is a blind negro guided by a dog like a drawing-pencil? Why, because he is a black-lead.

Skinny Men.—"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia. $1.

Cats are very gentle to their kittens, notwithstanding the fact that they lick them frequently.

"Buchupaiba."—Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases $1. at Druggists.

"With all thy false I love thee still!" said the newly-married man to his spouse, when viewing the mysteries of her toilet.

"Rough on Rats."—Ask druggists for it. Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, skunks. 15cts.

Never accuse a political opponent of a purpose to elect himself by the use of money. All who want money will rally around the flag.

Few complexions can bear the strong, white morning light which exposes every speck of tan, every pimple, and the slightest spotting of eczema. In Dr. Benson's Skin Cure is sure relief from the annoyance of these blemishes on the cheek of beauty.

Work is honorable. I like to see people at it. It exhilarates me and makes me feel like a new man. I can endure most industriously to sit and see people honestly laboring. It is such a good example.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 24 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

Old Gold Bought.—Silver and Platinum of all kinds. Full value paid. J. L. Clark, Reliable Refiner of all Residues containing gold or silver. 823 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa. Send by mail or express. Mention THE POST.

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Give *Instant Relief* and effect a *CURE*. (They are not pads to relieve the pressure.) Each 25 cents per box; 12 Corn or 6 Bunion in each box. Sent by mail on receipt of price. C. C. HUGHES, Druggist, 8th and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Samples of Knitting Silk. A 36-page pamphlet, giving Rules and Designs for Knitting Silk Stockings, Mittens, Money Purses, Fashion Cord, Lace, etc., will be mailed to any address on receipt of 6 cts. in postage stamps or money.

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28 Market St., Phila., or, 468 Broadway, N. Y.

☞ *Send for circular about Waste Embroidery, 40c. per oz.*

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50 Lovely Moss Rose, Birds, Mottos, Lilies, Winter and Moonlight Scenes, &c., all beautiful Chromo Cards, name on 10c. Ætna Printing Co., Northford, Ct.

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Acts at the same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF CONSTIPATION.

No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.

PILES. THIS distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed.

☞ If you have either of these troubles

PRICE $1. USE Druggists Sell

KIDNEY-WORT

DRY GOODS BY MAIL!

OVER THREE-QUARTERS OF A MILLION IN STOCK TO SELECT FROM.

All bought for cash, and sold at lowest city prices. Dress Goods, Silks, Shawls, Trimmings, Hosiery, Upholstery, Fancy Goods, Ladies' Dresses, Wraps, Underwear, Ties, Laces, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Infants', Boys' and Girls' Outfits, &c.

Correspondence solicited.

Samples and information free.

"SHOPPING GUIDE" mailed free on application.

COOPER & CONARD,
Ninth and Market Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please say where you saw this advertisement.

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An Unfailing Remedy for PILES OR HEMORRHOIDS.

Victims of this distressing complaint admit that even *temporary relief* is a **great** boon, and we claim that this has resulted in *every trial* of the **Barlett Suppository**, and reports are *constantly* received full of grateful expressions from those who have been *permanently cured*. It is a small medicated cone, applied directly to the affected parts, *without the slightest danger or inconvenience* attending its use. "THE OLD DOCTOR'S LEGACY," a pamphlet describing the disease, treatment, and result, will be sent by mail to any one requesting it.

Boxes of 24 Suppositories, $1.00; or trial size of five for 50 cents. Can be sent by mail.

If not kept by neighboring druggists, address

BARLETT MANUFACTURING CO.,
815 Filbert St., PHILADELPHIA.

Consumption and Diseases of the Throat and Lungs *effectually* cured by **Baker's Cod Liver Oil.** Sold by all druggists.

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Address The Social Visitor, Box 5189, Boston, Mass.

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Garmore's Artificial Silver Drums. As invented and worn by him perfectly restoring the hearing. Entirely deaf for thirty years, he hears with them even whisper, distinctly. Are not observable, and remain in position without aid. Descriptive Circular Free. CAUTION: Do not be deceived by bogus ear drums. Mine is the only successful artificial Ear Drum manufactured.

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30 DAYS' TRIAL FREE!

We send free on 30 days' trial **Dr. Dye's Electro-Voltaic Belts** and **other Electric Appliances TO MEN** suffering from **Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality,** and **Kindred Troubles.** Also for **Rheumatism, Liver** and **Kidney Troubles,** and **many other diseases.** Speedy cures guaranteed. Illustrated pamphlets free. Address

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Presses and outfits from $3 to $500. Over 2,000 styles of type. Catalogue and reduced price list free.

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FREE. Send your address, with two 3-cent stamps, to CHAS. FARRELL, 102 West 28th St., New York, and receive an elegant set of imported cards, together with our new illustrated book and card price list

The Biggest Thing Out Illustrated Book Sent Free. (new) ENSIGN & CO., 121 Nassau St., New York.

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Five Octaves, one 2-5 Sets Reeds, *Eight Stops*, including *Sub-Bass, Octave Coupler*, Stool, Book and Music, in Solid Black Walnut Case

Fancy High Top, as above.

ONLY $30.

THIS ORGAN IS BUILT ON THE OLD PLAN.

The Famous Beethoven Organ.

27 Stops, 10 Sets Reeds, $90.

Soon to advance to $125. Order now. Remit by Bank Draft, Post Office Order, or Registered Letter. Boxed and shipped without a Moment's Delay. Catalogue Free. Address or call upon

DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

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ASSETS.....$7,830,697
SURPLUS.....$1,225,000
SAMUEL C. HUEY, Pres.

PURELY MUTUAL. *Dividends annually. Policies non-forfeiting for their value. Endowment policies issued at life rates.*

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Apply to H. S. STEPHENS Vice-President.

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AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best Family Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings with HEEL and TOE complete, in 20 minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy-work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the Twombly Knitting Machine Co., 163 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

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Choice Oleograph of Garfield Family on receipt of 50 cents. Do not fail to order. Also 8½x12½ Oleograph 12 for 20cts. National Chromo Co., 927 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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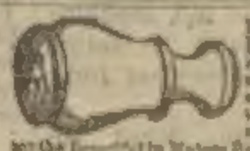

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SURE CURE

For Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Heartburn, Nausea, Sour Stomach, Fetid or Foul Breath, Constipation, Sick Headache, Bilious Vomiting, Vertigo, Loss of Appetite, Flatulence with frequent Belching of Wind, Oppression after Eating, Burning Sensation at the Pit of the Stomach, and all ills which drive many to despair, arising from Dyspepsia or Indigestion.

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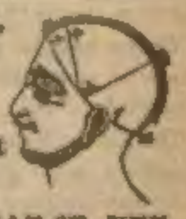

Inventor of the celebrated **GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG** and **ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.**

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
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No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
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He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

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Lowest prices ever known on Breech Loaders, Rifles, & Revolvers.

OUR $15 SHOT-GUN

at greatly reduced price. Send stamp for our New Illus. Catalogue, 1882-83.

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$1.65 BUYS an Imported Key Wind Watch.—$3.15 BUYS an American Stem Wind Watch, Solid Coin Nickel Cases, Warranted. Send for Catalogue. A. COULTER, Chicago, Ill.

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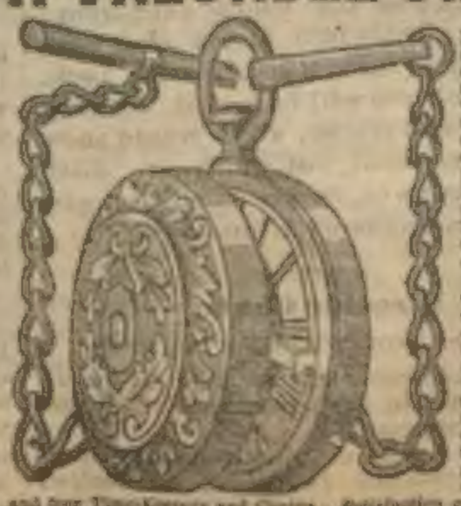

This Illustration represents, upon a reduced scale, the **Little Wonder Time-Keeper**, one of the greatest inventions of the age. It is no humbug—neither is it a toy. It is a reliable time-keeper, in a handsome nickel-plated case. Simply open the case and allow the sun to shine upon it, and the case is indicated immediately. It is far better than any cheap watch you could buy. All cheap watches are unreliable, while the Little Wonder Time-Keeper can always be relied upon to denote correct time. In addition to this it has a compass of the best quality, which is useful to everybody. It is of the utmost value to farmers, mechanics, and all business men. It is just the thing for the boys, who will be so proud of it as they would be of a new suit of clothes. The Little Wonder Time-Keeper looks exactly like a watch, and it can be worn in the pocket precisely as an ordinary watch. The cases are of fine nickel plate, and it will last a lifetime. Being the publisher of the old-established and well-known family paper, **The Cricket on the Hearth**, and wishing to obtain for it 100,000 new subscribers during the next few months, we now make the following unprecedented offer: Upon receipt of **Thirty-three Cents** in postage stamps, we will send **The Cricket on the Hearth** for **Three Months**, and to every subscriber we will also send, **FREE** and postpaid, the **Little Wonder Time-Keeper** and a **Handsome Nickel Steel Vest Chain.** The Cricket on the Hearth is a thirty-two page, six-column illustrated paper, filled with charming Serial and Short Stories, Sketches, Poems, Useful Knowledge, Farm and Household Hints and Recipes, Puzzles, Games and Stories for the Young, Wit and Humor, and everything to amuse, entertain and instruct the whole family. This is a most remarkable bargain to every one, and the offer is made simply to increase the circulation of our paper. Take advantage of it at once. Remember, the Time-Keeper and Chain, which have heretofore been sold at $1.00, are now given absolutely *free!* You are required to pay only the price of a three months' subscription to the paper. For $1.20 we will send four subscriptions to the paper and four Time-Keepers and Chains. *Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.* As to our reliability, we refer to the publisher of any newspaper in New York. Address, S. H. MOORE, Publisher, No. 3 Park Place, New York.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THERE are a few indications of what will be worn during the early winter. Lyons has prepared rich fabrics, many of which are studded with large spots, shaded on the lower edges—some pear-shaped, some egg-shaped, some plum-shaped, but all standing out in relief.

All these spots are wide apart from each other, so that the rich ground is visible, and it is usually heavily repped.

The name given to this class of materials is "Victorienne." The colors are generally dark, and the figures are in lighter shades, although contrasts are to be seen, such as fleelle and terra-cotta, balls on a dark blue ground, strawberry-red on a black or brown ground, while seal-brown has red and old-gold figures.

In rich materials the newest are fleelle lace designs in uncut velvet, and these appear in delicate shades of pale blue, Nile green, lavender, and shrimp pink, for the uncut pile on which are the shadowy grey fleelle figures, arabesques, flowers, etc., that seem as light as a web of lace just thrown upon the raised surface.

These are for evening dresses, while for parts of costumes for receptions are dark strawberry red, and porcelain-blue velvet with fleelle figures, to be made up in combination with plain velvet, and trimmed with fleelle lace, or else with embroidery in designs like that of fleelle, and matching the lace design in the figured part of the costume.

A quantity of moleskin velvet with thick short pile, and plush with short fleece closer than the long shaggy pile used last winter, is woven expressly for jackets, for skirts, for parts, as well as for entire costumes.

As a detail of dress it is well to note that skirts should be well sustained, that flounces or balayeuses should be placed inside the back breadth, or that the breadth should be sustained by a petticoat tournure.

A tournure at the waist is now absolutely indispensable.

Buttons to fasten corsages are made very small and placed very close together; they are in great contrast to the large medal-like buttons worn last winter, and are made either round or olive shaped.

There is no doubt that the small, close buttons are the better of the two, as they close the corsage better and ensure a more perfect fit.

A new and very pretty style of corsage for walking dresses, with which no pardessus is worn, is made tight-fitting and fastening up the front; the basques are quite round and edged with a double row of rounded tabs bound with braid like a coat.

The corsage is worn in town, but it is intended for a travelling dress, or for the country or sea-side.

It is made of light summer cloth, the model we are describing being of pale-blue cloth, worn over a dress covered with black lace flounces and small paniers, the whole effect being extremely good.

It is well to remind our readers that at every change of season, novelty depends upon the shades of color and general arrangement of trimming, absolute novelty being a myth; change is so gradual that it is only by reference to fashion-plates of some time back that the actual alteration is noticeable.

However, new (or revived) shades are always appearing, and also new trimmings.

Difference of form entitles a costume to be called a novelty; lawn is certainly not new, nor is lace, but a lace-trimmed lawn dress made up in a new fashion is called, and deservedly so, a novelty.

The same may be said of the lovely new jet trimmings that constantly appear, and yet is not new; but what resemblance is there between the ordinary jet trimming of a few years back and the bead and silk cord passementerie of to-day, with its magnificent form and finish?

Velvet dresses have always been worn for some centuries past, and yet the new dresses of ottoman velvet are called one of the novelties of the autumn season.

Plaid is also much used in costumes; a short skirt in plaid silk, where green and red prevail, will be worn with a bodice in emerald-green velvet.

For outdoors a mantle is added in tete de negre velvet, embroidered with Oriental patterns touched up with gold; this mantle scarcely reaches the waist at the back, and extends in front in square ends, always of a different color to the dress.

And there many becoming ways, it must be owned, of making draped skirts of Scotch tissues.

One that we think the prettiest is to have the outer folds of the large box pleats of plaid cut on the cross, and the under pleat, that is less seen, of material cut on the straight.

The effect of this change when the pleats turn aside in walking is singularly pretty. Chequers and plaids should not be used for bouillonnes, for they have then a common appearance; but in pleats of all sorts, sometimes one very deep one, and sometimes two or three of lesser depth.

With regard to the corsage to be worn with these Scotch plaids, it is in the best taste to have it made of a plain material. If you are slight in figure, you can embroider your jaquette and trim it with brandebourgs, having the jaquette cut with the tab basque, or in any style you choose; but if the figure be inclined to stoutness, the most becoming shape is the rounded basque in front, with the two deep pleats at the back.

The buttons are worn small and flat. At the neck this kind of jaquette is finished with the American collar, showing a small plastron cravat.

Both plain and fancy velvet, cashmere, brocaded silk, satin, and plush are also used for the fashionable jacket, for it is now worn with all toilets however dressy.

The polonaise is coming into fashion again, but not without sundry modifications from their primitive shape; it will then be easy to modernize any old-fashioned polonaise one may have in one's possession.

Thus, to make a polonaise fashionable it can be cut open from the lower edge to the waist-line; cut off the middle part of the back pieces so as to form square coat tappets, and either loop up the sides into paniers, or arrange them into wide panels, square, pointed, or rounded, which fall over the skirt.

If you prefer simply draping the polonaise, slanting it off at the sides, you can turn up the corners a la nobile, in the same way as soldiers turn up the flaps of their coats when marching.

These corners may be lined with plain or striped silk, either black or colored. This last combination gives greater elegance to the toilet, more especially if you use silk to match for the facings of the bodice and sleeves, or else for a plastron.

The neck may be refreshed by a small standing-up collar trimmed with a very small ruching; the lower edge should be trimmed soberly, and the paniers not at all.

If the outline should appear too bare-looking it may be edged with narrow lace or jet embroidery, braiding or passementerie patterns.

A princess dress of plain or figured silk may also be modernized in the following manner; place over it paniers made out of a shawl of Chantilly lace, or of any kind of lace bought by the yard, of embroidered tulle, or of gauze with brocaded patterns. A piece of the same lace, tulle, or gauze is draped in the shape of a fichu round the opening of the bodice; small draperies in the same style are arranged over the sleeves as puffed epaulets at the armholes, and as revers at the wrist.

A few bows of ribbon, without any lapels, or with very short lapels edged with lace, are placed all the way down the middle of the skirt in front.

Thus you have a very dressy, very tasteful, and very fashionable toilet, which can be obtained from a black silk dress of some years' standing.

Ladies possessing a black or colored dress the bodice of which is worn or old fashioned, can wear it this autumn with a bodice of black velvet, made with somewhat long basques.

Plain and figured silks of any kind or style are easily combined, so as to contrive an elegant costume.

With plain silk make a peaked bodice, lengthened behind into a full drapery, looped up in sagging puffs, and finished in square tappets. Place this drapery, or tournure, over a foundation-skirt of any material. Cut of the figured silk cut an ample tablier as deep as the whole skirt-front; turn up the corners into revers over each hip, or else join them together at the back. On each side there will be a void between the drapery and tablier, which would show the foundation-skirt, but which are filled up with flounces or ruches of silk, or else by lace or embroidered trimmings.

Fireside Chat.

REMEDIES FOR COMMON AILMENTS.

MILK and lime water is said to prove beneficial in dyspepsia and weakness of the stomach.

The way to make the lime water is simply to procure a few lumps of unslacked lime, put the lime in a fruit can, add water until it is slacked, and of about the consistency of thin cream; the lime settles and leaves the pure and clear lime water at the top.

A goblet of cow's milk may have six or eight teaspoonsful of lime water added with good effect. Great care should be taken not to get the lime water too strong; pour off without disturbing the precipitated lime. Sickness of the stomach is promptly relieved by drinking a teacupful of warm water with a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in it. If it brings the offending matter up, all the better.

Treat flesh wounds in the following manner: Close the lips of the wound with the hands, hold them firmly together to check the flow of blood until several stitches can be taken and a bandage applied; then bathe the wound for a long time in cold water.

Should it be painful, take a panful of burning coals and sprinkle upon them common brown sugar and hold the wounded part in the smoke.

To cure sneezing plug the nostrils with cotton wool. The effect is instantaneous.

Pains in the side are most promptly relieved by the application of mustard.

If an artery is severed, tie a small cord or handkerchief tightly above it until a physician arrives.

Broken limbs should be placed in a natural position and the patient kept until help arrives.

One of the simplest and best remedies to be given to children troubled with worms is poplar bark.

Physicians use it with marked success. It can be bought at any drug store. Take a little pinch of the bark—as much as you can hold on the point of a penknife—and give it before breakfast. It has a clean, bitter taste and any child will take it.

Drinks for the sick.—A very agreeable draught is made by adding to a tumbler of water a teaspoonful of good vinegar and the same of orange water.

For those who are weak and have a cough beat a fresh laid egg and mix with it one gill of new milk and a tablespoonful each of rose water and orange water and a little nutmeg.

Water added to tamarinds, currants or cranberries, fresh or in jelly, makes excellent beverages, with a little sugar or not, as may be agreeable.

Barley water is a nutritious drink, and is one of the best known for invalids. Take one ounce of barley, half an ounce of sugar, the rind of a lemon, and pour on one quart of water. After it has stood eight hours pour off the liquor and add the juice of one lemon.

To make apple water cut the apples in small pieces and pour on boiling water. Strain in three hours and sweeten.

For those troubled with the gout.—Beat two ounces of almonds with a teaspoonful of rose water and then pour on one quart of milk and water and sweeten to taste.

Beef tea.—Cut raw beef into small pieces: to a half a pound of meat pour on a pint of cold water, set it on the stove and let it simmer until all the juice is extracted from the meat. When wanted for use, skim and let it boil just two minutes.

To make panada.—Soak stale bread in cold water for an hour; mash and place on the fire, with a little salt, butter and sugar; cook slowly an hour, and when ready to serve add the yolks of two eggs, well beaten, and two tablespoonsful of milk.

For a cough make flax seed tea as follows: One-half pound each of flax seed and rock candy, three lemons pared and sliced; pour over this two quarts of boiling water; when cold, strain.

Toast water.—Toast stale bread until very brown, pour over it boiling water; let it stand for an hour, then strain and put in a piece of ice before drinking.

Milk porridge—Make a thin batter of flour and milk, or corn starch and milk; stir into boiling milk, with a little salt; let it boil a few minutes, stirring constantly.

Dangers of running uPstairs.—A city physician thinks there is connection between hastily ascending stairs and heart disease. He says: "The greatest care is necessary in this matter for people with any heart trouble, either latent or developed. There certainly are among our business and professional men many afflicted with some form of heart disease which has often been induced by severe attacks of rheumatism or kidney disease.

"I have not known a case of heart disease which was attributable alone to ascending stairs.

"Of course the first effect of running or rapidly ascending is shortness of breath. That means that the legs and arms are moving quickly, while the motion of the heart, not having caught up, is slower. So a load of blood from the limbs is suddenly thrown upon the heart before it begins to move rapidly enough to dispose of it.

"This undue burden suddenly put on the heart, and the temporary congestion in the lungs, cause imperfect action their part, and we experience what is known as shortness of breath.

"This is what every one has felt after running upstairs, to catch a train. But, if the heart is perfectly sound, this exertion will not cause disease. But persons with weak hearts should be very careful."

"THOSE people," said the pastor, solemnly, after giving out his text, "who are either too poor or too stingy to afford fly screens at home, are perfectly welcome to sleep in this church every Sunday morning." And then he went on with his sermon, but he preached to the wide-awakest congregation a good man ever looked down upon.

Correspondence.

DORIE C., (Harrisburg, Pa.)—It looks like a case of jilting. Perhaps it will be best now to wait until his return, when some explanation may be offered.

READER, (Grayson, Ky.)—"Passing through the fire" was an ordeal in the worship of certain of the ancient heathen gods. It was literally and actually carried out.

DAISY, (Burke, N. C.)—It is not possible to get thin by any artificial method or discipline without cutting off something from the system which, for anything which you can possibly know, may be most needful. Be content.

INCE, (Floyd, Va.)—The bloody hand is the heraldic sign and token of the knightly dignity of the rank of baronet. It has nothing to do with guilt, but denotes, or is supposed to denote, that the family honors have been won in war.

DEATH-TICK, (Richmond, Ind.)—The noise was made by a little insect boring in the wall, and going about its own business. It betokens simply nothing—no more than the noise of those thin long-elbowed things that chirp in the summer grass, the grasshoppers.

PERILLON, (Grafton, N. H.)—"Odd-rat it!" like many other abbreviated and obscure sentences, is the euphemism of a terrible old oath. "May God cause it to rot!" 2. "Quarrenden," should, we think, be "Quarrington." It is the name of a fine English apple. Ash gives it as "Quarington, the name of an early apple."

CANNELL, (Marshall, Tenn.)—You see the effects of marrying a man more than twice your age. You had better, for your own sake, submit to him and his strange freaks. Educate yourself, become as learned and as capable as you can, and you will soon acquire an ascendency over him. It is but fair to say that publicly, and before your servants, his behavior seems to be all that it should be.

TROUBLE, (Harrisburg, Pa.)—Don't drive your husband to seek for society away from home. Don't let housekeeping cares, or any cares be of more importance in your eyes than himself; don't sacrifice the man to the house; don't dawdle in the daytime, and when evening comes, have all your work to do; and do, do, there's good creatures, be companions still, even if you are married.

BISHOP, (Wilkesbarre, Pa.)—In a "limited" liability company the liability of subscribers or shareholders is limited to the value of their shares when fully paid up. Unless the company is registered as limited, every shareholder is liable to the full amount of his property, whatever that may be, and a creditor may sue any shareholder if he finds the assets of the firm inadequate to meet legitimate expenses.

VIOLET, (Jefferson, Ind.)—Surely there could be no harm in your claiming acquaintance with your near relation? To what pass in etiquette have we come when cousins refuse to know each other, save upon a formal introduction? The old story of the student who stood on the river's bank and saw a man drowning, lamenting that "he had not been introduced to the poor fellow, for then he would have taken the liberty of saving him," must be coming true.

1MO, (Ithaca, N. Y.)—Talking in the sleep occurs principally when lying in a particular position—for example, on the back or on one side—or it may be traced to indigestion producing partial sleep. The cause is incompleteness of the rest taken. Part of the brain is awake. Something may be done by avoiding the posture which favors the partial wakefulness—for such it is—or by fatiguing the organ of speech by reading aloud for half or three-quarters of an hour immediately before going to bed.

SON, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Forget all about it and take no notice of the circumstance. Nothing depends on it, and there is no cause for worry or distress. When a man makes a mistake at the outset of life and turns up a wrong path, if he is manly enough to stop and retrace his steps as soon as he discovers his error, he has simply to go on carefully, keeping the highway, avoiding all by-paths in future. Neither say nor think any more of the matter. If this does not satisfy you, write again, but rest assured that what we tell you is the plain truth.

STAGE, (New York, N. Y.)—Many actors are admirable, many actresses patterns of virtue, but ask as a actor or actress how many such? ask who succeeds best now? Look at the burlesques, farces, etc. Look at these points, which we contend in an argument must be kept in view, and then ask yourself whether you would like your wife or daughter to be an actress? You will not find fault with our verdict. It is because we love the stage as an ideal that we say sadly what we now say of its present state.

NATURAL, (Pittsburg, Pa.)—We are not versed in palmistry; but there is certainly nothing unusual in the possession of a straight mark across the palm of the hand. The direction and length of these marks, which are of course simply foldings of the skin, are determined by the shape of the hand, which again is dependent on the size and configuration of the bones and muscles. Peculiarities of mental character are often associated with and accompany peculiarities of physical form, so that there is a certain connection between the two, but nothing more. The hand is a very important organ of the body and directly under the control of the mind. Therefore, in a special sense, its form may be significant.

DORA, (Hamilton, Ont.)—You have plenty of time yet to make your mark, in spite of the physical deprivation which saddens you and doubtless gives an air of strangeness to your manner. But this last should cause you no real concern; rather should it move you to greater effort to prove the metal of which you are composed. The composition shows signs of promise, but is not up to publication standard. Take a course of the best English poets before attempting anything more, and always remember that those feel poetry most and write it best who forget it is a work of art. Gain, however, but a spark of the divine fire, and the driest stick will become an Aaron's rod and bud and blossom forth spontaneously. We sympathize with you in your bereavement. To part and live is sad, but to die and part—there is the pain. But reflect—how few circles there are that are not broken? We cannot let our angels go, yet how can they be archangels if we do not? Fight bravely against the feeling of isolation. Solitude shows us what we should be; society shows us what we are. Fill your life with great and helpful work. You have it in your power to aid others. We are rich only in what we give; and "large charity doth never soil, but only whiter as soft white hands." Herein have you great means of consolation.